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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

SLAVERY; AND THE SLAVE-TRADE.

Records of a Voyage to the Western Coast of Africa, in H. M. S. Dryad; and of the Service on that Station for the Suppression of the Slave-Trade, in the Years 1830, 1831, and 1832. By Peter Leonard, Surgeon, R.N. 12mo. pp. 272. 1833. Tait, Edinburgh; Longman, London; and Cumming, Dublin.

At a period when the endurance of slavery, and the continuance of the slave-trade, occupy so much of the public attention; when motions are indicated to Parliament, and measures are promised, the former by the party so zealous on behalf of the slave, and the latter by the ministers of the crown; it must be extremely useful to turn to a work like the present, to look at facts rather than opinions, and to study realities in preference to sentiment. Nor is the value of Mr. Leonard's book lessened in consequence of his being a warm anti-slavery writer. Human nature must abhor that system which submits man to the mere will and dominion of man; and, speaking abstractedly, we do not believe there can exist one advocate for slavery among ten thousand even of the owners of slaves. The author has witnessed the horrors belonging to the traffic, and his feelings are excited by their contemplation; but this has not perverted his love of truth; and though his impressions are all one way, his statements very often lead to opposite conclusions. They shew us a mighty evil, which has existed in all ages and countries from time immemorial, and which the progress of civilisation has endeavoured, is endeavouring, and ought to endeavour, to abate. But, at the same time, we must perceive that unwise attempts to accomplish this desirable end have only tended to aggravate the case, and we should thus be taught caution and prudence in our farther efforts. We should not allow our hearts to run away with our heads; but submit our sympathy to our reason; and consider, while we liberate and throw upon their own resources a vast body of mankind, what are the best means of promoting their welfare by fitting them for the change. Merely to say to the slave, "Be free," would, in the great majority of instances, be to condemn him to want, and crime, and suffering, and misery. That he may not become a wretch himself, and a pest in creation, injurious to all within the sphere of his action, he must be prepared for emancipation, his new duties taught him, his hands to labour, his sense to comprehend social ties and prevent his relapse into a worse state of barbarism; and then, if for good, he must be gradually and advisedly led, step by step, up the ladder of improvement; the ascent in the scale must be progressive to be beneficial; a hasty and improvident lift from the bottom to a height must produce giddiness, a fall, and destruction.

The well-meaning surgeon of the Dryad opens the whole subject, in various ways, for our anxious examination. Both where his views

seem to be well founded, and where they appear not to be borne out by his premises, they equally suggest very important considerations. His own position is also to be taken into the account. Employed in a vessel to cruise against the cruel trade, there is no wonder that his soul should have entered with all the heat of pursuit into the cause—for every sort of pursuit begets an increase of appetite. The soldier becomes more and more animated in the strategies and butcheries of war; the bailiff's calling, and the sportsman's chase, grow from mercenary motives and amusements into perfect passions; and our author naturally follows the rule. Listen to his description of the capture of a Spanish slave-brig, the *Marinero*, of 303 tons, five guns, twenty-pounders (one on a pivot), seventy-two men, and with 496 slaves on board, by the British tender, the *Black Joke*.

"The tender had only two guns mounted, eighteen-pounders, and forty-four men. The action was most gallantly contested, and, taking place during the night, in calm weather, when each vessel was obliged to use her sweeps, lasted for several hours. The Spaniard did every thing in his power to escape, until a light breeze sprang up, when, finding the tender gained upon him, he shortened sail, and prepared to defend his vessel to the utmost; and the action only terminated by running the tender alongside, boarding, and taking possession of him. The tender lost one man, and had six wounded, among whom was her resolute and excellent commander, Lieutenant William Ramsay. The prize had fifteen of her crew killed, four desperately wounded, and several slightly; and, I regret to say, there were also unfortunately two of the slaves killed, and a few wounded, by the shot from the capturing vessel, and the cutlasses of the boarders in the scuffle."

When our brave fellows got on board, and the decks were cleared, which was but the work of a moment, the scene of misery which presented itself was truly heart-rending. The inhuman crew (among whom, I regret to say, were several Englishmen) were not to be pitied, but their wounded received every assistance from Mr. Douglas, the medical officer of the tender. It was their victims, the poor hapless slaves, that demanded the commiseration and the fullest exertion of the humanity of the captors. It has been said, that during the action two of them were killed, and several wounded; and, when we consider the mass of human beings on board, so small a number is truly surprising. Crowded to excess below—frightened by the cannonading—without water to drink, the allowance of which is at all times scanty—and almost without air during the whole of the engagement,—death had already begun to make frightful ravages among them. In two days from the period of capture thirty of them had paid the debt of nature. One hundred and seven were placed in the wretched hole called an hospital, at Fernando Po, where every day still added one or two to the fatal list, from privation, terror, and mental affliction. The

rest, little able to undertake the voyage, were sent under the superintendence of Mr. Bosanquet, mate of the tender, to Sierra Leone in the prize for adjudication in the Court of Mixed Commission there. Immediately after the vessel was secured, the living were found sitting on the heads and bodies of the dead and dying below. Witnessing their distress, the captors poured a large quantity of water into a tub for them to drink out of; but, being unused to such generosity, they merely imagined that their usual scanty daily allowance of half-a-pint per man was about to be served out; and when given to understand that they might take as much of it and as often as they felt inclined, they seemed astonished, and rushed in a body, with headlong eagerness, to dip their parched and feverish tongues into the refreshing liquid. Their heads became wedged in the tub, and were with some difficulty got out—not until several were nearly suffocated in its contents. The drops that fell on the deck were lapped and sucked up with a most frightful eagerness. Jugs were also obtained, and the water handed round to them; and in their precipitation and anxiety to obtain relief from the burning thirst which gnawed their vitals, they madly bit the vessels with their teeth, and champed them into atoms. Then, to see the look of gratification—the breathless unwillingness to part with the vessel from which, by their glistening eyes, they seemed to have drawn such exquisite enjoyment! Only half satisfied, they clung to it, though empty, as if it were more dear to them, and had afforded them more of earthly bliss, than all the nearest and dearest ties of kindred and affection. It was a picture of such utter misery from a natural want, more distressing than any one can conceive who has not witnessed the horrors attendant on the slave-trade on the coast of Africa, or who has not felt, for many hours, the cravings of a burning thirst under a tropical sun. On their way ashore to this island from the prize—their thirst still unquenched—they lapped the salt water from the boat's side. The sea to them was new: until they tasted all its bitterness, they, no doubt, looked upon it as one of their own expansive fresh-water streams, in which they were wont to bathe, or drink with unrestrained freedom and enjoyment. Before they were landed, many of the Africans already liberated at this settlement went on board to see them, and found among them several of their friends and relations. The meeting, as may be supposed, was for the moment one of pleasure, but soon changed into pain and grief. Can there be in Britain—the happy and the free—an individual with a heart in his bosom who will, after this, advocate slavery? A single fact like this overthrows all the plausible sophistry which such an individual may make use of to obtain partisans besides those who, like himself, are interested in its support. Such converts to the creed of the right of property in human flesh are much mislead. They have only shewn to them the bright side of the picture—the comparatively

happy (yet truly wretched) condition of the slaves in our West India colonies. They know nothing of the withering horrors daily taking place on the coast of this desolated and unhappy land, from which between sixty and eighty thousand of its poor, unoffending children are forcibly abstracted annually—cruelly torn from home, friends, and kindred—from all that can alone make a life of wretchedness tolerable. The Spanish crew, with the exception of a few sent up in the prize to Sierra Leone, were kept prisoners for some time at Fernando Po, but were afterwards sent in the *Atholl* to the island of Anobona, where they were landed and turned adrift. The wretched condition of so many unfortunate beings, crowded in such a small space as the slave-deck of this vessel, was shocking to every feeling of humanity. The disinterested zeal which our government has always displayed in the cause of humanity, by urging foreign powers to exert themselves in preventing vessels from fitting out in their ports for the slave-trade, and to enforce the penalties enacted by law against those persons found engaged in it, together with our own individual exertions towards its suppression, although highly creditable and praiseworthy, have, unfortunately, from a want of sufficient firmness and resolution in our remonstrances, and a callousness on the part of these foreign powers, had an indirect tendency to aggravate the barbarity with which it is carried on. The miscreants engaged in this nefarious traffic, to render their emoluments commensurate to the hazard they now run of capture and punishment, in consequence of these benevolent exertions, cram into their vessels twice the number of unhappy wretches they were wont to do; so that, if once or twice successful, their losses, by capture, may be covered, and their risks compensated. The profits are so enormous, that, with the large number of slaves now embarked, one successful adventure out of three or four will do more than pay the expenses of all. Although Britain, by her beneficent endeavours, has relieved many thousands of these ill-starred Africans from their miserable thralldom, yet she has thus, unconsciously, added to the cruelty of the vile commerce, owing to the supineness, indifference, or bad faith, of those nations pledged, by means of her humane endeavours, to its entire annihilation, who, were they zealous in the cause, would grant us the right of search and capture of all vessels fitted for the reception of slaves, as well as those found with slaves actually on board,—would prevent vessels from fitting out in their ports for the trade,—and would punish those persons severely who might be found carrying it on.

“The pertinacious determination of the French government (he continues) not to grant us the right of search and capture of the numerous vessels we meet with, under the French flag, engaged in this hateful traffic—the extensive annual importation of slaves into the French colonies of Guadeloupe and Martinique, in the face of the established laws, by evident connivance or tacit consent on the part of the local authorities—the fact of the Portuguese government agent at Boa Vista being openly one of the most extensive slave-dealers on the coast of Africa, and continuing in his illicit course so long unobstructed—all serve to shew that these governments are regardless of their engagements, and have not a genuine desire towards the abolition of negro slavery; but endeavour to screen from merited punishment those unprincipled adventurers, by whom the restrictions of the treaties between these governments

and our own are so flagrantly violated; and it is evident, from the style of our remonstrances, that we cannot command upright dealing, where the interest of these powers is concerned. While there are so many facilities afforded to the subjects of these foreign governments for carrying on this illicit trade, all our single-handed endeavours towards its suppression must prove worse than useless, as will be seen in the sequel. Until it shall be declared piracy by a law of nations, and the equipment of vessels for the slave-trade shall be held an actual engagement in it—and until the most cordial union and co-operation, and the most energetic measures, are adopted by all civilised nations towards its suppression—and the utmost extent of punishment inflicted on those who bid defiance to the laws enacted against it,—the trade of blood can never be entirely put an end to. Treaties, I suppose, are indispensable preliminaries towards a consummation so devoutly to be wished; but foreign powers seem hitherto to have denounced the slave-trade among their subjects, without any intention of fulfilling the stipulations of these treaties, but with the sole purpose of obtaining something in return for their concessions, highly favourable to themselves, from England, whose weak point they, no doubt, consider to be, her predilection for the abolition of African slavery. From this base lukewarmness on the part of these states,—civilised, I suppose, they must be called,—the prospect of perfect freedom to the injured African must still be very far distant. By the villains employed on board of those vessels engaged in the slave-trade, life is held so cheap, and their moral turpitude is so excessive, that the most atrocious crimes are perpetrated, and the most diabolical cruelties inflicted upon the persons of their unoffending captives, with impunity, and without compunction. A frightful instance of this occurred on board the schooner stated in a former page as having been taken by his Majesty's brig *Plumper*. One of the female slaves, with a chastity of demeanour ‘above all Greek, all Roman fame,’ and a purity of heart that would have done honour to the most refined and exalted state of human society, had long and indignant repulsed the disgusting advances of the master of the schooner, until, at last, the iniquitous wretch, finding himself foiled in his execrable attempts on her person, became furious with disappointment, and murdered his unfortunate and unoffending victim with the most savage cruelty, the details of which are too horrible to be conceived, far less described! And yet these inhuman miscreants, in the event of their vessel being captured, are generally allowed to go unpunished. We cannot, or at all events we do not, punish them: that is left for the laws of their own country, and they are consequently suffered to escape. This is but one instance of the numerous unheard-of horrors entailed on the native Africans by the slave-trade, as it is at present carried on. I shall relate another which also occurred very recently. His Majesty's ship *Medina*, cruising off the river Gallinas, descried a suspicious sail, and sent a boat to examine her, the officer of which found her to be fitted for the reception of slaves, but without any on board, and consequently allowed her to proceed on her course. It was discovered some time afterwards, by one of the men belonging to the vessel, that she had a female slave on board when the *Medina* made her appearance, and knowing that, if found, this single slave would condemn the vessel, the master (*horresco referens*) lashed the wretched creature to an anchor, and ordered it to be thrown overboard! This is an instance of the additional inhumanity indirectly entailed on the slave-trade

by the benevolent exertions of England. Had our government been able to obtain from Spain, by the firmness and determination of her remonstrances, permission to seize all vessels under her flag fitted for the reception of slaves, this vessel could by no means have escaped, and no object could have been gained by the atrocious murder. As it is, our treaty with Spain limits us to the seizure of vessels with slaves actually on board; and this single slave, if found by the *Medina*, would have made the vessel a legal capture; to prevent which the poor creature was cruelly sacrificed—the life of a slave being considered by these wretches as no better than that of a dog, or one of the brute creation. But, after all, we do not afford perfect freedom to the liberated African. Although located at Sierra Leone, the doom of everlasting banishment from the place of his nativity—from all that is dear to him—still hangs over his devoted head; and freedom, with nothing to live for, is but a superficial embellishment to the miseries of a wretched existence. We have it not in our power to return him to his happy home, and reunite him to every loved attachment, from which he has been forcibly separated. To effect this, would be to give him genuine liberty, and would be a balm to all his sorrows; but it is impossible. His country is almost unknown. There are indeed a few Karancoes, Bulloms, and Kussos, who have been generally made slaves in war, that manage to get back to their own country, which is not far distant from Sierra Leone; but these bear a very trifling proportion to the many thousands annually carried from the coast. On the other hand, if measured by our notions of felicity, the African's home is not a happy one. The state of constant warfare and barbarism among many tribes, make it a question with some persons whether they are not better in their state of demi-freedom at Sierra Leone, or even manacled to Christian masters, than as slaves to some savage chief in their own country, subject to be sold or sacrificed, as he may think fit. To men more civilised than they are, however, attachment to their native soil would make even a life of slavery tolerable there.”

“Like the block of marble under the rough hands of the quarryman, we will suppose that he may, perhaps, feel but little his violent separation from the parent rock, and may not be in much danger of suffering in his savage state from the buffeting and hard knocks he meets with; but as the same rough mass of stone gradually swells into life under the inspired chisel of the statuary, so, as civilisation advances, does the slave not become more sensible to the harsh grasp of the rude, the ignorant, and unfeeling? and is it not then that the degradation of slavery and all its pangs are most acutely felt? and then that freedom is most imperatively demanded, and most highly relished?”

These quotations present a true picture of this frightful and most detestable trade; and they are full of practical and political instruction, both as regards the past and the future.

We see the loss of English lives and of African lives in the contest. Then, though the feeling is somewhat checked by the exaggerated tone of the author, comes a scene of actual suffering which can hardly be dwelt upon without making our blood stagnate, and our flesh creep upon our bones.

But, after the question of remedy is placed before us, we are told that our exertions have “aggravated the barbarity” with which the dreadful commerce is carried on—by compelling the traders to double their miserable cargoes as an equivalent for the risk of cap-

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ture,* and we are informed that unless we can persuade or force Spain, France, Portugal, and Brazil, to enter fully into our views on the subject, "our single-handed endeavours must prove worse than useless." Can we do this, and how? Independent nations will not readily permit us to stop and overhaul their ships, with whatever merchandise they may be freighted: such a power might be intolerably abused. To declare the equipment of vessels

* Never the conclusion Mr. L. repeats: "Thus, as I have already said, the half measures we are obliged to adopt for the suppression of this merciless traffic, add incalculably to its inhumanity. Here we see, then, in a futile attempt to save their vessels from capture, these remorseless speculators in blood sacrificed more than a hundred and fifty lives. Had we let them alone, the dreadful event would not have taken place." This refers to a horrible murder of slaves, thus told of the Spanish brig *Rapido* and *Regulo*: "The former was one hundred and seventy-five tons, eight large guns, fifty-six men, and two hundred and four slaves; the latter, one hundred and forty-seven tons, (both Spanish measurements) five large guns, fifty men, and two slaves; both bound to Cuba. Connected with the capture of these vessels, a circumstance of the most heinous and revolting nature occurred, the relation of which will afford an additional instance of the cruelty and apathy of those who carry on the slave-trade,—of the imperfection of the laws enacted for its suppression, as well as of the additional inhumanity entailed upon it by ourselves, as a consequence of the very imperfection of these laws. Both vessels were discovered at the entrance of the Bonny, having just sailed from thence; and, when chased by the tenders, put back, made all sail up the river, and ran on shore. During the chase, they were seen from our vessels to throw their slaves overboard, by two shrouds together, by the stern and left in this manner to sink or swim, as they best could! Men, women, and young children, were seen in great numbers struggling in the water, by every one on board of the two tenders; and, dreadful to relate, upwards of a hundred and fifty of those wretched creatures perished in this way, without there being a hand to help them,—for they had all disappeared before the tenders reached the spot, excepting two, who were fortunately saved by our boats from the element with which they were struggling. Several managed, with difficulty, as may be supposed, to swim on shore, and many were thrown into large canoes, and in that manner landed and escaped death; but the multitude of dead bodies cast upon the beach, during the succeeding fortnight, painfully demonstrated, that the account given to us, by the natives on the banks of the Bonny, of the extent of the massacre, had been far from exaggerated. The individuals whose lives had been saved by the boats were two fine intelligent young men, riveted together by the ankles in the manner described. Both of them when recovered pointed to the *Rapido*, as the vessel from which they were thrown into the water. On boarding this vessel, no slave was found; but her remorseless crew having been seen from both tenders busily engaged in the work of destruction, and as the two poor blacks, who endeavoured to express gratitude for their rescue by every means in their power, asserted, with horror and alarm depicted in every feature, that this was the vessel from which they were thrown, she was taken possession of. On board the *Regulo* only two hundred and four slaves were found remaining, of about four hundred and fifty. All of those found on board of her were branded with the letter T on the right shoulder. Had the commander of the *Black Joke*, (which had been cruising off the river Bonny for a long period), who knew that those who were lying there, ready to take slaves on board, were permitted to use every means in his power to suppress the slave-trade, he could and would have gone up the river with his vessel, and destroyed them with the greatest ease; and thereby prevented the merciless cruelty which subsequently took place. But no! He dared not; because he was liable in heavy penalties, had he even detained a Spaniard, without having slaves actually on board. These inhuman scoundrels are fully aware of this; and it was this very legal impediment to the capture of Spanish vessels which induced them to throw their miserable captives into the river; so that, no slave being found when boarded by the tenders, they and their vessels might be suffered to escape. But they could not effect their nefarious design completely, for our tenders were close at their heels, and they were detected in their crime, and consequently detained. As, however, there were no slaves actually found on board of the *Rapido*, and as the members of the Court of Mixed Commission at Sierra Leone usually adhere to the letter, instead of the spirit, of the law, the fact of the suppression of the slave-trade—although the fact of her having slaves, *bona fide*, on board, and having thrown them out in the murderous manner described, was witnessed by some hundreds of persons—it is questioned by many here, on a consideration of the circumstances attending the trial of cases somewhat similar, whether this court, from whose verdict there is no appeal, will condemn her or not. It is quite certain, whether this be the case or not, that there will be no punishment inflicted upon the perpetrators of so great a crime. [She was condemned, on the evidence of the two slaves.]"

piracy, on a presumption that they were intended for the slave-trade, seems to be impracticable. To force other countries to adopt our humane and generous policy is entirely absurd—reason, not violence, can alone bring about a satisfactory issue. In short, we cannot coerce, if we would; and we ought not, if we could. Even when abandoning our own share in the work of blood, we must, with the author, confess how ineffectual it is in mitigating, still more so in terminating the wretchedness of the slaves—every year hundreds die the worst of deaths in being taken to Sierra Leone; there they are exiles from home and friends; and what is yet worse, we are told that even in that colony of refuge, some who assume to be the protectors of the unfortunate, are absolutely engaged in kidnapping their offspring, and selling them into bondage!

"In the colony," says the author, "of Sierra Leone, founded expressly for the suppression of the slave-trade, on which such enormous sums have been expended, and so many valuable lives sacrificed, it will hardly be credited that numerous instances have been found of persons deeply engaged in this diabolical traffic—men holding, in some instances, respectable stations, and having the outward appearance of respectability; and that vessels have been fitted up by residents of the colony destined to carry it on in the rivers adjacent to the Peninsula. To what extent this most atrocious practice has been carried on in the colony, or at what period it commenced, has not hitherto been ascertained, as there are no very strict parochial regulations, and, consequently, little or no attention paid to the registration of deaths and removals; but from facts which have recently come to light, it is conjectured that the crime has been perpetrated for a long time with peculiar enormity, and to an extent almost exceeding belief."

He proceeds to adduce the facts ascertained. Above a hundred Africans, once located at Sierra Leone, were found by his Majesty's brig *Plumper*, kidnapped and detained by an Englishman named Joseph, at the river Pongos; a schoolmaster was tried for selling his pupils, and children often disappear; vessels captured have frequently slaves from the colony among their victims; and "slave-vessels, in

* "It is found that they have generally been purchased from their masters by the Mandingoes for about £1., and by them again sold to regular slave-agents, who are engaged to collect cargoes for vessels lying in the rivers adjacent to the Peninsula. The manumitted slaves frequently visit Freetown in search of employment, when the emissaries of these traders in human flesh take care to throw themselves in the way of these unsuspecting people, and tell them that they will endeavour to obtain employment for them. Under this promise, they inveigle them down to Pirate's Bay, or Cockle Bay, to the westward of the town, where the slave-dealers have canoes in readiness, on board of which they are placed, carried over to the Bullom shore, and thence to the nearest river for embarkation. Children have been entrapped even during the day at Freetown, and taken to houses, where they have been kept prisoners for some time; but being well treated, have at length been induced to accompany their jailer across the river, when they were immediately sold. At present there are not more than seventeen or eighteen thousand liberated Africans in the colony, although the chief justice at the last sessions stated, in his charge to the grand jury, that there had been twenty-two thousand of these people imported during the last ten years. This decrease, he said, did not arise from any disproportion in the number of births to that of deaths; the proportion of the former being, in 1829, as seven to one of the latter. Judging from this ratio, and allowing for casualties, there ought to have been an increase of one-half upon the whole. This falling-off can therefore be attributed to nothing else, mortifying as the fact must be, but to the cupidity of those infamous wretches in the colony, who have so long, with impunity, trafficked in the blood of their fellow-creatures. After the many millions sterling which this colony has cost the mother country, established by her with the sole view of receiving, sheltering, and protecting all unhappy Africans who might be released by humane exertions from the horrors of slavery, it is truly humiliating to think how very unsuccessful all her beneficent exertions have proved."

the rivers adjacent to Sierra Leone, receive considerable assistance in the pursuit of their illicit traffic from some of the merchants of this colony, in the shape of articles of trade."

On other parts of the coast our liberal interference has been still more disastrous and fatal; but the subject is every way so momentous, that we must reserve it for another paper.

The New Road to Ruin. By Lady Stepney. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1833. Bentley.

THE title of this work is a misnomer, as indubitably no new road to ruin is pointed out in its progress; indeed, no particular ruin is effected that we can perceive: but this comes of a fashion too prevalent, viz. the mistake of supposing that the title is the most important page in a book. The name of Lady Stepney is new to the reading public, and we should imagine that the construction of a lengthened narrative was new to her, for the story is artificially arranged, and overburdened with characters; many of those characters are, however, very spiritedly sketched. Lord Darmaya, whose wickedness springs from his weakness, inane and yet pompous, is a portrait from life. Lady Belovine, vain, rapid, just one of our pretty living lay figures, is in good relief to her husband, warm-hearted with all his faults. Fanny is very natural and girlish; and the heroine, Ellen, a sweet creature. A tone of grace and good feeling pervades the whole; but the materials are ill managed: composition is an art as well as a talent. The following scene is a pleasing specimen of the style: the Georgiana in question is a young and early-lost wife.

"Lorevaine was contemplating Georgiana's monument, placed in the midst of drooping trees which overshadowed, without obscuring, its simple beauty. Many blossoms had fallen, and many still remained to scent the air; the honeysuckle and rose entwined themselves in tasteful luxuriance among the branches, and the heart's-ease, which had been Georgiana's favourite flower, grew in profusion at the base. 'It was an odd coincidence,' Lorevaine thought, 'that Georgiana's three most favourite plants should be placed by the memento of herself, just as if her own dear hand had again been in the field of cultivation.' The severity of his loss was deeply recalled by the sight of the graceful figure kneeling in prayer, very much resembling her style of attitude. It was natural that, under the circumstances, the duke should reflect seriously, and be in retrospective mood. The various subjects of interest which had been discussed between them, floated in his memory; the well-sustained argument and fondly-anxious wish for his soul's welfare, were all remembered tenderly; and the last passages which she had read were as if now sounding from her gentle voice. The recollection was vivifying, enlarging. He had spoken with her of the dissolution of the body, when from the elements of our present frame there shall be educed, by Divine power, a spiritual body, completely adapted to receive the full intenseness of those impressions which are needful to perfect felicity. This was their last interchange of sentiment on religious subjects. He paused, to revive every word, and weigh the meaning calmly. Rapt in this mood, he wrought his imagination up to fancy he beheld Georgiana's self as the poet had described Rachel, the mother of patriarchs, attended by her guardian angel to her lonely grave. He pressed his hand before his eyes to exclude external objects from his view, and in the firm reliance of meeting her he had so faithfully esteemed, Lorevaine became more than resigned. Unconsciously he had moved

to the opposite side of the figure, and, to his surprise, these lines, which were inscribed on the urn, struck on his sight as by enchantment:

"Then spake the all-transforming voice:
She sank—she seem'd to melt in tears away—
Delicious tears! as if her being stole
Through some cool glade, and thence emerged in light.
Amidst the fragrance of a flowery shore
She wakes, she sees, she feels herself enshrined
In a new form, bright, indestructible;
And, with intenser blessedness, adores
Him that hath summon'd this access of joy
From the sepulchral shade!"

There is much truth in the ensuing remark:
"There is a feeling in a noble generous nature, after having bestowed an obligation of magnitude, which produces an embarrassed sensation when in the presence of the obliged; a fear, lest by a too grateful sense of the favour, an awkwardness, approaching to dependence, may sadden and subdue the elasticity and mutual freedom of intercourse. Reciprocal attachment should be unfettered by restraint of any sort, or it loses much of the charm of social intercourse."

We quote the following description for the benefit of our gentlemen-readers who may have apartments to furnish:—

"They were three in number, small, but curiously arranged for accommodation. Blue satin formed the draperies, with two small ottomans, and one large couch simply mattressd, which was used for Belnovine's nightly repose; and muslin curtains fell from the elevation in large quantities. Glasses were placed in compartments in the wall between the bookcases, which were of ebony, low, and unornamented; and various antique bronze clocks and vases at the top. Tables of larger dimensions than the proportion for the room might indicate, were covered with a litter of books, watches, and heaps of flowers towering from the purest white and silver porcelain. Adjoining was the breakfast-chamber, where every thing seemed in symmetry; rich wardrobe cabinets, which held the requisites *pour la toilette et le costume complet*, with rows of watches on the dressing-table, *esprit de rose*, and other perfumes in succession; and the plainest paraphernalia in accompaniment. The writing-table made a greater display of research. The smallest boudoir was for the bath, called after the famous one of Titus at Rome, and made in imitation. The sides of the wall were lined with pale blue marble or spar, the windows of crystalline glass, and a cupola in the centre; the floor was of white marble, intermixed with blue: a small door opened into a narrow gallery, which conducted down a spiral staircase into the conservatory, and thence across the garden to the square, which was used as the convenient mode of access and egress, by the aid of a pocket-key, by Lord Belnovine, and spared him from any comments in the porter's hall. After Lady Belnovine had gazed at every thing, and pulled all about within her reach, made a bouquet, and bound it with a Venetian chain torn from a beautiful portrait of Belnovine's grandmother, and scattered the offerings of leaves and orange-flower into the marble bath, she retraced her steps, and observed how very soft the carpets were, and how well the deep dingy red corresponded with the violet blue."

Remarks on the United States of America, with regard to the actual State of Europe. By Henry Duhring. 12mo. pp. 210. London, 1833. Simpkin and Co.; Amsterdam, Sulple; New York, Jackson.

In this volume Mr. Duhring, of Amsterdam, has displayed great intelligence, and a sound

judgment. His remarks shew how ably he has studied the subjects of which he treats (almost a rarity in a modern author); and his references to books in various languages prove that he did not begin to write till he had prepared his mind by extensive reading (another rarity) for the task of informing others. His Essays may not, perhaps, fit the taste of the trifler, so as to be very popular with that numerous class; but they will be found to possess interest for all those who desire instruction, and relish the discussion of subjects which merit inquiry in a pleasing and enlightened form.

The questions investigated are, the probable continuance of the American Union, the effect of the want of an Established Church in the States, the career of Washington, Capt. Hall's opinion of the women of America, education, emigration, agriculture, and the golden age. The reasoning in these is so connected and interwoven, that, much as we like it, we find it no easy matter to give a fair specimen to the public: we will, however, try to indicate its philosophical spirit by a short extract relating the being possessed of the greatest attractions in every country.

"Women," says Dr. Goldsmith, "are not naturally formed for great cares themselves, but to soften ours. Their tenderness is the proper reward for the dangers we undergo for their preservation; and the ease and cheerfulness of their conversation, our desirable retreat from the fatigues of intense application. They are confined within the narrow limits of domestic assiduity; and when they stray beyond them, they move beyond their sphere, and consequently without grace." "La nature," says a French writer, "ne défend aucune profession; elle admet le bien dans toutes, mais dans toutes elle a voulu que le femme fut fille chérie et surveillée, épouse fidèle et protégée, mère soigneuse. Si l'homme peut s'aventurer, parceque fort, il peut partout se protéger lui-même; la femme ne peut sortir de ses rapports naturels sans succomber de faiblesse, et souffrir de tous les maux." The true sphere of women seems accordingly to be—their home, their family, their domestic love. It is there that women, the

'Fairer gift of powers above!
Source of every household blessing.'

shine in undisputed excellence; and where all their never-too-much praised qualities are of so superior an influence on their own happiness as well as on those around them. What is a home, what is the most perfect dwelling-place, without them, but forlorn and comfortless? "Simple nature," to use the words of the author of Tremaine, "certainly abounds in happiness, for every one is made to feel it: the whole treasure of nature—the earth, the air, the sky, the freshness of the morning, the sedatives of eve, a walk with a friend, are all full of gratifications; but if a mistress adds grace to the scene—

'What pleasing seemed, for her now pleases more.'

To cultivate, then, in young women their natural graces and those domestic virtues, talents, and habits, is but preparing them for their future situation in life; it is assuring, in the safest way, their future happiness as well as that of their families. The higher studies, like the more independent pursuits, seem not to be made for them; and few women, even when in very independent circumstances, will derive from them the expected benefits. But to stipulate how far the mind of young ladies ought in general to be cultivated, would perhaps be presumptuous in any man; it is there-

fore with no small satisfaction that I am enabled to quote, with regard to this subject, the opinion of that excellent character Mrs. Barbauld, whose experience and judgment in this matter are above all doubts and praises. "Young ladies," she says, "ought only to have such a general tincture of knowledge as to make them agreeable companions to a man of sense, and to enable them to find rational entertainment for a solitary hour. The thefts of knowledge in our sex are only connived at while carefully concealed, and if displayed, punished with disgrace. I am full well convinced, that to have a too great fondness for books is little favourable to the happiness of women, especially of those not in affluent circumstances. My situation, having myself stepped out of the bounds of female reserve, in becoming an author, has been peculiar, and would be no rule for others." Women of an elevated station in life, and of independent circumstances, seem above all others in danger to forget, if not guarded against it by a very careful education, their true interest, their real destination and sphere in life; and often thereby heap upon themselves unconsciously and unwillingly a heavy burden of discontent and misery. "Die gefährlichste klippe des weiblichen Geschlechtes," says Schmidt Plinzel, "ist derjenige äussere Zustand, welcher dasselbe, sey es aus Reichthum oder Bedürfnisslosigkeit, der angemessenen Sorge für den Hausstand enthebt, und dem Missgeschange Vorschub thut, in welchem Gefallsucht, Eitelkeit und jede sonst schlummernde Leidenschaft zu verderblicher Entwicklung Raum findet. Die dem Geschlechte einwohnende Regsamkeit wird nemlich, in Ermangelung eines passenden Wirkungskreises, sich leicht auf Abwege verlihren, denn träge Ruhe und Hinbrüten ueber eigene Gedanken, wie es wohl dem Manne behagen kann, sind keinesweges die Fehler des Weibes, das vielmehr veränderlich in seinen Gedanken und desultorisch in Thun und Treiben, weil es zur Auzrichtung einer unzählbaren Menge kleiner Geschäfte bestimmt scheint, die sich nicht in einer zusammenhängenden Gedankenreihe abspinnen lassen, sich eine Sphäre mannigfaltiger Thätigkeit erschaffen muss, wenn kein äusserer Drang seinen natürlichen Wirkksamkeitstrieb in Anspruch nimmt." To condemn, however, all literary occupations in women, is, I think, going too far. Why should not highly-gifted women, as well as men, grace some hours of their existence by committing to paper their thoughts and feelings, when this is done without detriment to those duties which their individual position and their sex may demand from them? I must confess, that the examples of authoresses working at their needle, making their own dresses, or caring much about their families or household duties, are not very numerous; but such examples are not totally wanting, and that is sufficient to prove the injustice of those who declare themselves decided enemies of all women that have become authoresses. For women, however, in general, it is very dangerous to embark in occupations which seem not properly to belong to the calling of their sex; and this seems to be confirmed, as well by history as by the judgment of some of the most gifted and most accomplished of their own sex, who have left to us the written fruits of their genius. If a woman, mentally or physically elevated above the general mass of her sex, forsakes her true character—forsakes those qualities with which she is so wisely and so abundantly gifted by our Creator—if, impelled by an

ambitious and aspiring mind, she succeeds to smooth, and perhaps to suppress, those kind affections, intended for the solace and benefit of mankind—what is she, or what does she become? What, when by a false ambition she is driven to pursuits totally in opposition to her destination—to her duty? That esteem in which I hold the sex forbids me to name her character. And let us suppose that she succeeds in all her wishes, or in all her ambitious views, what are her triumphs, what her victories? Have they not justly been compared to those of a deserter, who has stolen away from his lawful camp, and whose victories are his disgraces? Does not ancient and modern history furnish us with sufficient proofs? What crimes have not been committed, even in modern times, by women, who, after having entirely lost sight of their true destination, were checked in their ruling passions neither by virtue nor by want of power! Who can, without horror, bring back to his mind those diabolical acts and machinations which were planned and committed by princesses, such as Elizabeth and Catherine of Russia; Christina of Sweden; Maria Juliana of Denmark; Carolina of Naples, with her confidant Lady Hamilton; Charlotte Joachimo of Portugal?—but let me not prolong a catalogue so disgusting. What was in general the lot of women during the French revolution, when they, amidst the wreck of all order and propriety, were drawn from their proper sphere; and when in that general uproar and confusion, they also gave themselves over to the influence of that dreadful conflict of passions? Let one of their own countrymen answer this question. ‘*Les femmes*,’ says M. de Segur, ‘*perdaient beaucoup à ce grand changement; les passions douces conviennent seules à leur grâce, à leur délicatesse, à leur voix, comme à leur traits; la modestie et leur premier charme: aussi rien ne leur sied plus mal que les passions politiques; l’humeur les dépare, et la colère les enlaidit.*’

‘*Kraft erwart ich vom Manne, des Gesetzes Würde beauptet!*
Aber durch Anmuth allein herrschet und herrsche das Weib.
Manche zwar haben geherrscht durch des Geistes Macht und der Thaten;
Aber dann haben sie dich, höchste der kronen entbehrt.’

SCHILLER.

All that hitherto has been said proves that women in general seldom increase their share of human happiness, or struggle successfully with the vicissitudes of this world, except by respecting that order of things which so wisely, no doubt, has been established, with regard to both sexes, by the Supreme Governor of the universe. With regard to men, can they, in justice, be accused of presumption, or of exercising an arbitrary power, when such an order of things as above alluded to was established by a Power to which we must all submit? And are women gifted with fewer sources of happiness than men? Even if Providence had inspired me with less confidence in the just distribution of her blessings than that which I profess to feel, even then I should be still inclined to doubt it. Do we men, poor creatures! not feel enough already the powerful influence of the charms, so numerous and so superior in the other—the fairer sex? To what does our so-much-boasted-of independence amount? Is it not dissolved into mere vapour by a single glance of a woman’s eye! Did there ever exist a man who never felt the power of these soul-subduing looks; or who was never led in chains by some dear member of the fairer sex? Have not the greatest heroes, the proudest, may even ferocious characters, been

obliged to bow before the superiority of the sweet and entangling charms of women—the irresistible influence of their softening powers? That wild robber, who is not checked in his habits by the severest laws, nor by any fear of God or man, can he resist the idol of his affections, the girl of his heart? Must we not, and do we not cheerfully and thankfully acknowledge, that to women we owe the best, the happiest hours of our existence?”

Gallantry, cultivation, just modes of thinking, are all observable in this quotation, which may, therefore, serve our critical purpose, and recommend Mr. Duhring’s work to the estimation it deserves. The following, though brief, are farther illustrations of his talent:—

“Liberty, or liberal institutions, can only take root and grow by the slow progress of reason, and are totally inconsistent with bigotry, superstition, and ignorance. When, in consequence of insurrection, or any other sudden change, self-government is offered to a people who are unprepared for it, then such a nation will generally derive therefrom more evil than benefit. Sudden changes are always dangerous; the results of good as well as evil, when sudden and excessive, are equally mischievous. And, as every act requires regular and progressive instruction, before it can be exercised with benefit, so also must a people gradually be led to self-government, to ensure its advantages and duration. Besides, both ancient and modern history seem to confirm the truth of the humiliating observation, that it has been found more difficult to maintain the equilibrium of liberty than to sustain the weight of tyranny. It is therefore not without reason, that in Europe, where the general character of the Americans is seldom understood, the stability of the government of the United States is so often doubted. Certainly, all attempts which have been hitherto made in Europe, strictly to imitate the North Americans in their forms of government, have entirely failed, and will fail.

“Whatever contributes to promote or depress the industry and enterprise of one class, must have a beneficial or injurious influence upon the others.” ‘Land and trade,’ to borrow the just and forcible expression of Sir Josiah Child, ‘are twins, and have always, and ever will, *waer and waene together*. It cannot be ill with trade but land will fall, nor ill with land but trade will feel it.”

Let this truth never be forgotten in England.

Polish Tales. By the Author of “Hungarian Tales.” 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1833. Saunders and Otley.

We ought to know as much as we can of other countries—their prejudices correct our own; and it is from the judgment founded on experience, that foreign travel has, from the oldest times, been deemed an essential part of education. Many, however, must be content to remain home-dwellers all their lives; and to such as these, reading, or, in less proportion, intelligent conversation, will be their only means of information. Now we do not know a better method of conveying that information than is adopted in the present *Tales*. Manners and scenery are depicted with the accuracy of the traveller, while the aid of fiction is called in as the best means of developing individual and national character, and giving the interest of narrative to strictly historical details. We like these volumes much; their merits are many—their faults few: we shall first advert to the latter, thus reserving the pleasure of praise, as children do tit-bits for their

palates, to the end. First, we think the great number of Polish names and words a mistake; a few would have given character, but whole phrases, and uncouth appellations, rather revolt that indolence so prevalent with the many;—people do not like to seek for amusement in perpetual reference to the dictionary;—moreover, these expressions are applied where a simple English sentence would have answered every purpose. The example of Sir Walter Scott is adduced; but his Scottisms were understood by the majority of his readers, and at least looked something like English. This remark applies only to the first story. Secondly, in the “Confederates of Lubionki,” the characters are sketched with great originality and spirit; but they do not work out sufficient consequences: one instance will serve for an example. Doska, one of the heroines, is thus introduced:—“Little did the ascetic surmise, while hailing the gay appearance of Captain Felinski in the Targ of Lubloyst, that the young coxcomb’s visit to Lublowicz had been the means of attracting to its vicinity a spirit restless and designing as his own—capable of subverting all his projects.” Now, she has no sort of influence in the succeeding events—is dismissed abruptly—and the catastrophe is, as it were, an accident. Thirdly, we protest against the lovers—each is a calumny on womanhood. The first is a vain, selfish, brainless coxcomb; the second, an indolent, improvident, and weak voluptuary; and yet these men are made the idols of two or three exquisitely drawn females! Mineczka is a sweet gentle creature, a lady “of Nature’s making;” while Axinia, strong in principle, but touched with the loveliest poetry of the heart, is a still higher creation; and yet the affection of each is bestowed most unworthily—the taste alone would be unpardonable. We must now set in array against these the many merits,—passages of feeling and of thought, very gracefully written; some powerfully dramatic scenes,—witness Felinski’s visit to the cottage of the charcoal-burner. Konstany’s interview with Doska, and the scene in the Brihl palace; neither must we omit beautiful bits of description, and a clear and accurate view of the state of Poland. The second story is the most sustained in interest, and will surely be read with universal sympathy. We shall proceed to give two scenes, of equal but opposite merit. We must preface the first by saying, that its heroine has been wounded by a ball from her brother’s rifle, raised to revenge the disgrace she had brought on her family.

“Konstany was interrupted by a piercing shriek from the inner chamber. His voice, elevated by the inflection of rage, had reached the ears of the sufferer. ‘Konstany!—Konstany!’ she cried, in an accent whose piteousness served only to deepen the sneer with which the Zydwoka stood regarding the perplexed Felinski. ‘Violence may re-open the wound, and protract her recovery!’ said she. ‘For thine own selfish sake, speak a word of solace to the girl.’ ‘No good can come of such an interview,’ he replied. ‘Tell her, Salomea, I am already departed.’ And he was indeed about to make for the door of the street-chamber, when three heavy knocks on the door-frame announced some new visitors. ‘Away!’ cried Salomea, using nearly the same adjurations she had addressed to Konstany. ‘Szmuhl the Jew is sick of a heavy sickness, and may not be disturbed at this hour of the evening.’ ‘Open, in the name of the Grodski of Lubloyst!’ cried a voice only too well recognised by Salomea as that of the predco or high constable of

the Ratusz. 'Tysiąc Diabłów!—the fellow must not find me here,' cried young Fellinski; and, following the instigations of his cowardly pride, he hastily retreated towards the inner chamber, locking it as he closed the door, indifferent to the misfortune of finding himself in the affectionate Doska's presence, by comparison with that of being discovered in the lair of Samuhl the Usurer, by a district officer, the boon companion of his father. 'My Konstanty!' faltered the faint voice of Doska, as the noble figure of the young Uhlán was displayed by the flickering light of the iron night-lamp. 'Is it thou indeed?—at last—yet ever welcome!' 'Hush! Doska, hush!' he murmured, bending over her pillow, and imprinting a cold kiss on her fevered forehead. 'Strangers listen in the adjoining chamber; I will speak with thee anon' and seating himself on the cushion where Salomea had been kneeling to minister to the patient, he reclined his head upon her pillow. Encircling it in her faint arms with the tenderness bestowed by a mother on her babe, Doska mingled silent tears with the kisses she impressed upon the rich raven curls of her lover, nay, even upon the very hem of his garment. She dared not invade the brows so often bent upon her in scorn—so often in hatred. It was enough that he was *there*—that he was beside her—that it was *his* breath which rose and fell under her hand; Konstanty, the beloved—the betrayer—the forsaker, but still the beloved! Her anguish was over! She felt no further pain from her wound, no further debility, no further helplessness; her heart beat so quick, her breath came so gaspingly, her tears fell so fast, that she heard not aught passing in the outer chamber. Konstanty was in her arms; and she felt capable of again suffering for him—savouring for him—fighting for him—dying for him—yes, capable and willing as ever! Oh! woman, woman! must such, from age to age, be the folly and fortune of thy destinies?"

The next is taken from the early days of Catherine of Russia, while yet exposed to the jealous envy of Elizabeth.

"But although the life of the future emperor and his bride was one of comparative seclusion, there were certain state occasions,—such as the galas held on the imperial birth-day,—when the ostentatious vanity of Elizabeth overcame even her antipathies;—when the satisfaction of seeing the inheritors of her power humbly kneeling at her foot-stool, arrayed in the splendours vouchsafed by her heartless munificence, induced her to parade the homage of the Duke and Duchess of Holstein in presence of the Boyars of her court. To know that her foot was upon the neck of those whom a word of her lips might elevate to the glories of autocracy, or plunge into the depths of a dungeon, consoled her for the spectacle of the resplendent fairness and striking dignity of her nephew's bride! It was on one of these occasions,—(a gorgeous birth-night ball, which assembled in the illuminated halls of the winter palace of St. Petersburg the diplomatic representatives of every nation of Europe, and the gorgeous envoys of various Asiatic princes, to vie with the adulation of the haughty but abject Boyars of Muscovy), that Catherine, attended by her lady in waiting and favourite maid of honour,—the Princesses Daszkoff and Axinia Dolgorucki,—appeared on an especial invitation from Elizabeth in the courtly throng. Wearing by the subjection to which she was condemned, or piqued perhaps by the sarcasms with which the rumours of court malice assured her that Prince Charles of Saxony and others were in the habit of gratifying the empress at her expense, the grand duchess re-

solved for once to lay aside her usual policy, and brave all hazards of exasperating the superannuated coquette. Instead of conforming to the tasteless costume of the day, with its formalities of hoop and powder, or to the national uniform habitually worn by Elizabeth, the grand duchess entered the ball-room arrayed in a flowing robe of pearly satin; her auburn hair falling in natural curls on her shoulders;—her head encircled by a wreath of diamonds, the marriage-gift of her mother the Princess of Anhalt-Zerbst; and her white draperies looped up by a solitaire of matchless beauty, a present from the empress. A general murmur of admiration arose among the brilliant assemblage, as the grand chamberlain formally preceded her highness towards the throne under which Elizabeth was seated; and it was doubtful only whether the involuntary exclamations of delight thus infringing all rules of courtly etiquette (as the duchess, assuming the respectful demeanour of a subject, advanced towards the throne, through a crowd of uniforms and robes of silver and gold)—were lavished exclusively on the dignified Catherine, or shared by the trembling, blushing Axinia, who was compelled to follow, bearing the train of her mistress. Even the grand duchess, dauntless as she was, seemed for a moment flustered by the withering sneer with which Elizabeth, having received her compliments bade her arise from her knees,—and found the attention of the circle engrossed by her singular costume;—the men all terror lest their admiration, becoming dangerously apparent, should draw upon them the destiny of the exiled Soltikoff. 'You are come here, madam, I conclude to dance!' said the empress, with a sarcastic glance at her dress. 'We have been accustomed to see the baladins and mimes of our French ballet altered in a manner equally characteristic. Your highness will oblige me by opening the ball. Prince Schuvaloff!' she continued, addressing the chamberlain, whose golden key trembled under the asperity of the imperial frown,—'A minuet or the Duchess of Holstein!' At any other time the vain and self-possessed Catherine would have gloried in the prospect of an exhibition calculated to fix the eyes of the whole court upon her person:—for she danced with dignity and grace, and was pre-assured of the suffrage of the spectators. But standing there, a mark for the scorn of the scorners, a woman, unsupported by the esteem of her husband, a princess, defrauded of the common privileges of her rank,—she had the mortification of perceiving by the ironical waive of the Duke of Courland's head in reply to a whisper from the grand chamberlain, that he who, by precedence of rank, *ought* to have been her partner, peremptorily declined the honour. The indignity brought tears of wounded pride into her eyes;—her colour went and came;—and the panting of her bosom was perceptible even through her diamond zone. But this perturbation was more propitious to her cause than she was aware of. Amid that display of feminine emotion, her delicate loveliness became a thousand times more lovely; and the minions of the empress were more vexed than surprised when, after a moment's conference with the grand chamberlain, Count Poniatofski, the new representative of Poland, stepped forward, and, with a graceful and reverential obeisance to the young princess, worthy the grandson of Princess Czartoryska and the disciple of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, took the hand of the trembling duchess, to lead her to the centre of a space left open before the imperial throne. Having again bowed humbly to his illustrious partner, the orchestra, accepting the signal,

poured forth its spirit-stirring strains. With the eyes of the vindictive empress and four hundred jealous courtiers fixed upon their movements, it is not to be supposed that the young couple, whose beauty of person, grace of deportment, and splendour of attire, were worthy some fairy prince and princess of romance, found a single moment for a word of communication. But when, in the concluding movement of the minuet, they approached each other for the parting salutation, Catherine contrived to pour the effulgence of her bright blue eyes full upon her gallant cavalier. The tears of her mortification, scarcely yet dry upon those silken lashes, tended to impart a sweeter and more womanly expression to the smile of grateful admiration with which she strove to repay his chivalrous devotion. The young duchess was fully able to appreciate the moral courage and self-sacrifice which had braved, in her favour, the malignant spirit of her imperial kinswoman; and if ever the passing glance of woman's eye succeeded in revealing the fervour of wakening sympathy, it was that which caused the heart of Poniatofski to beat, and his hand to tremble, as he reverentially uncovered his head at the conclusion of the minuet, to lead his accomplished partner to her place at the right hand of the throne."

This was her first lover, Stanislas of Poland. We have only to add, that these attractive volumes are well-timed, when so much interest is excited in the public mind by the very name of Poland.

The Cabinet Cyclopædia, No. XL. The British Admirals: with an introductory View of the Naval History of England. Vol. I. By Robert Southey, LL.D. London, 1833. Longman and Co.; J. Taylor.

THIS is one of those important and national works whose only surprise is, that it should have remained to be done. Whether as they regard her prosperity or her security, Great Britain's maritime annals are her most important chronicles; from the slight coracle, which its maker could carry, launch, and manage, to the mighty seventy-four, which stands as a tower of strength with its banded hundreds. The present volume traces the progress of our naval power from the earliest known period as far as the reign of Richard II. Dr. Southey has brought to the task his usual industry, clearness, and animated style. So much attention has of late been directed towards our earlier history, that these pages offer little novelty for quotation in a periodical; warfare being the staple of all first records, the materials are what must be common to all. But we expect much from the next abundant supply: as events increase in multitude and variety, much remains that the historian must exclude; then biography succeeds, that noble reward of individual excellence; and the example is enforced, and the reward displayed, with that accuracy and minute detail which have such individual interest. The work before us gives ample prophecy of the spirit and intelligence which, duly exerted, will make the Naval History of England at once a popular favourite, and an established classic.

Cabinet of Romance, No. III. Waltham. London, 1833. Smith and Elder.

THIS volume does not at all make good the old proverb of "the third paying for all;" for it seems only following its predecessors on the principle of a foil being necessary—a set-off, in the way of contrast. We have before paid due tribute to Banim's attractive story, and *London*

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Illustration Berke Harri

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Ritchie's spirited Bandit; but there eulogium stops short. The present volume is equally deficient in character and incident; the first is exaggerated, and the latter improbable. Throughout the whole there is a straining after a sort of mystical metaphysics, commonly called German; though we believe our imitation is a calumny on our neighbours. The word "fate" is in perpetual use, though no one seems to fulfil the fate darkly shadowed forth: for example, Mr. Waltham's mysteriously adhesive dagger turns out to be a very innocent little steel after all, and does nothing. None of the intricacies are developed—we neither understand how Mr. Bolton obtains the hero's fortune, still less by what process he is compelled to refund it. Mr. Hulson's transformation from a rogue to a perfect knight-errant of generosity, is equally without cause or semblance. The truth is, the writer of *Waltham* does not know how to manage his materials. If he has ever written before, he will never do any thing; if very young, he may mend,—and in this charitable hope we leave him.

Illustrations of Political Economy. No. XIV. Berkeley the Banker, Part I. a Tale. By Harriet Martineau. London, 1833. Fox.

It is but justice to this valuable writer to quote the following passage from the preface to the present number:

"No one can be more sensible than I am myself of the slightness and small extent of the information conveyed in my Tales; yet I find myself compelled to ask from many friendly critics and correspondents the justice, first, of remembering that my object is less to offer my opinion on the temporary questions in political economy which are now occupying the public mind, than by exhibiting a few plain, permanent principles, to furnish others with the requisites to an opinion; and, secondly, of waiting to see whether I have not something to say on subjects not yet arrived at, which, bearing a close relation to some already dismissed, my correspondents appear to suppose I mean to avoid."

To this we shall only add, that one peculiar advantage in these Tales is, that attention is thereby drawn to the importance of their subjects, and from those who, but for their popular form, would never have given them one moment's consideration; and yet they involve questions on which one thought will lead to many. We cannot but point attention to the great domestic interest thrown into the story now before us. The whole Berkeley family is a touching home picture; and the scene of Hester Parndon's wedding appeals to our simplest yet most kindly sympathies. We think that all who have read the first, will anticipate the second part of *Berkeley the Banker*.

Brier Roses. By the Author of "Heath Blossoms," and "Flora's Offering to the Young." Printed for the Author. Pp. 120. London, 1833. Robins.

A PRETTY little miniature of a book, containing a series of floral enigmas: the idea is new and fanciful, while the devotional spirit in which it is executed will render it acceptable to a large class.

Recollections of a Chaperon. Edited by Lady Dacre, &c. Second edition. 3 vols. Bentley. Our present short notice is not so much one of public necessity as one of compliment to our own discrimination and vanity—for we do like a little

of the puff-direct ourselves sometimes. Here is a second edition of a book, the finer original features of which we had the pleasure of pointing out; and we are glad to observe that the public voice has responded to our opinion. The *Recollections* are revised and improved.

But as we have stood almost single in our favourable judgment of several other works which Mr. Bentley has recently given to the world, and as we are very much exposed to have our reviews (however honest and impartial) impertinently impugned, we are glad to have it in our power to adduce the following distinct and unanswerable confirmations of our sentence:—

The Life of Sir David Baird, by Theodore Hook, revised and corrected, has also just reached the distinction of a second edition.

The Buccaneer, by Mrs. S. C. Hall, has just reached a second edition.

Zohrab, of which we spoke so highly for its illustration of Persian manners, has arrived at a third edition. By the by, there are some curious notes appended by the able and intelligent author.

We like to set ourselves right occasionally; and we congratulate Mr. Bentley on the success which has crowned his commencing efforts in the rugged and difficult path of publishing.

The Parricide. A Play, in Three Acts. By William King. Pp. 135. Simpkin and Marshall.

SMITING with the love of dramatic writers, we can only say that the author is *re infecta*; to others the symptoms of his disease must be less pleasing than to himself—for it is not the love of an art which makes an artist.

Extracts from Young's Night Thoughts, with Observations, &c. By W. Danby, Esq. London, Rivingtons; York, Todd; Exeter, Upham.

THE small volume of an elegant scholar, a lover of Young (great with all his faults), and an amiable Christian. Without adding much to our stores of information, it has much to please the literary taste, and to benefit the youthful heart.

The Family Topographer, &c. Vol. III. By S. Tymms. Nichols and Son.

THIS volume, the meritorious continuation of a meritorious design, contains the Norfolk Circuit, and is full of useful and interesting matter.

Pauline; a Fragment of a Confession. Pp. 71. London, 1833. Saunders and Otley.

SOMEWHAT mystical, somewhat poetical, somewhat sensual, and not a little unintelligible,—this is a dreamy volume, without an object, and unfit for publication.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

THE committee for managing the outfit, &c. of Captain Back's expedition, have published a statement of the subscription; from which it appears that, with the 2000*l.* from government, the total amount is 6,031*l.* 3*s.* 8*d.*, less by about 350*l.* of expenses. Thus the expedition is provided against two years' expenditure; but it is earnestly hoped that another 1000*l.* may yet be raised to enable it to stay out the full time proposed—three years. We observe, with satisfaction, that the seaports of Scotland stand distinguished by their liberality towards this humane and patriotic undertaking: Edinburgh

gives 146*l.*; Glasgow 190*l.*; Greenock 130*l.*; Dundee above 50*l.*; Stranraer above 50*l.* (we do not see Aberdeen); while Limerick is the only Irish town mentioned (40*l.*); and the great commercial Liverpool is little more than 100*l.*; Bristol, unnamed; Devonport 15*l.*; Plymouth 12*l.*; Portsmouth 24*l.*; Hull 44*l.* We are more surprised at Liverpool than any other place: it is so public-spirited in local matters, that its appearance in such subscriptions as this, or the Abbotsford, or any other of general and national interest, is the more remarkable.

THE NIGER EXPEDITION.

THE vessels with Richard Lander reached Cape Coast Castle, all well, on Sunday the 7th of October, seventy-two days after sailing from Milford Haven; and having touched at the Isle de Los, Sierra Leone, and other points, for a supply of fuel for the two steamers. There had been some cases of fever, but no deaths. At Cape Coast the governor, Maclean, and the officers of the garrison, treated their visitors with the utmost kindness and hospitality; and Mr. Lander had fortunately secured the services of Pascoe, and other natives, who were with him in his former travels, to accompany him in his present undertaking. Two natives of the Eboe country are spoken of as likely to be of great benefit to him, as one of them is the son of a chief, and both are intelligent, and speak English. The Alburka steamer works admirably. The expedition was to sail about the middle of the month for the Rio Nuñez, and proceed up that river direct for the Niger. Lander was in good health and spirits.

LINNÆAN SOCIETY.

MR. LAMBERT in the chair.—A paper was read on the adaptation of the structure of the sloth to its peculiar mode of life, by the Rev. William Buckland, D.D., &c. There was also read an extract of a letter from Captain King, stating, that on his arrival in New South Wales in August last, he found that his nephew, Mr. James Macarthur of Rarvamarra, had a specimen of the *Ornithorhynchus*,* from the mamma of which he had squeezed a large quantity of milk. The mammary glands in this specimen occupy the whole length of the belly on each side, but there are no nipples, and the milk exuded through pores. As the young are produced in October and November, he hopes soon to obtain more specimens, in order to forward them to Europe. This interesting fact fully confirms that already given by the Hon. Lauderdale Maule, and recorded in the appendix to Mr. Owen's paper in the volume of the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1832. Also read, an extract of a letter from Mr. Griffith, assistant surgeon in the East India Company's service, containing curious observations on the change of insertion in the *stamens* of *Mirabilis* (Marvel of Peru.) Several gentlemen were admitted.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

DR. GRANT in his last lecture treated on the structure of the stomach in the different orders of the feathered tribes, in connexion with their habits and modes of life, and the nature of their food; the crop, the pro-ventriculus, and the gizzard, of gallinaceous birds, and of others allied to them, compared with the simpler form of these organs in the raptorial birds, whose

* This remarkable creature partakes of the characters of bird and quadruped.

want of true crop and muscular gizzard denotes the nature of their food. The lecturer then proceeded to the circulation, noticing the peculiarities not only of the bird in the fetal state, *i. e.* while yet *in ovo*, but also of the distribution of the arteries, and of the provision for the action of the oxygen of the air on the blood in the capillary vessels, not only of the lungs, but also of such as are distributed on the membrane lining the hollow bones. The structure of the lungs themselves, and of the other internal organs, was minutely detailed.

THE SOANEAN MUSEUM.

THE foundation of an Architectural Museum in the English metropolis cannot fail to delight every lover of the fine arts and of antiquity. It is an epoch in the history of the country. This Museum will therefore be not merely a novelty, but an object of singular and commanding attraction to the architects of our own country, and even to foreigners; for it contains numerous fragments, casts, drawings, manuscripts, prints, books, &c. illustrative of the architecture of all ages and all nations. The enthusiastic and munificent proprietor has spared neither expense nor labour to augment his treasures; but has devoted a long and active life to acquire numerous rarities of art and literature, which, but for such zeal and such means, would have been shut up in some continental collection, or placed in the inaccessible recesses of a private mansion. The history of the Belzoni Sarcophagus will exemplify this remark: other rare objects in the Soanean collection would have shared the same fate but for the same individual interference. It is true, that within the last few years, the trustees of the British Museum have been enabled to purchase many valuable works of art, virtu, and literature; but why did they suffer the remainder of the Belzoni collection to be dispersed or lost? Why did they compel Mr. Gough to bequeath his valuable topographical library to increase the plethora and almost inaccessible Bodleian at Oxford?—and will they neglect an opportunity now presented of securing the great and curious Egyptian collection of Mr. Sams? These are questions which, *perhaps*, some member of the British Museum, or his majesty's government, may be able, if not unwilling, to answer. But the circumstances clearly shew that there is a want of promptness and zeal, of proper feeling in certain public bodies, which is too often hostile to the public interest.

The Soanean Museum is a boon to the public of much value.* Its gift is a precedent worthy of imitation, though we fear not likely soon to be followed. England and its archi-

* At the end of his twelfth and last Lecture at the Royal Academy, on Thursday, Sir John Soane thus alluded to this interesting subject; and was cheered for several minutes by his numerous auditory:—"I beg to state, that in furtherance of my desire, which was communicated to you last year, of rendering the labours of a long life subservient to the promotion of arts and science, and of giving to the public at large, and particularly to my young friends around me, the students of the Royal Academy, facilities of access to a collection of works of art, which has not been formed without exertion, or obtained without expense,—I have lately sought the aid of Parliament, without whose sanction my intentions could not be realised, of perpetuating for the public my Museum and Library in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

"I had thought that a bill for effecting so high a national object, without injustice to any part of my family, and without any cost to the public, would have encountered no difficulties; but the bill not having yet passed into a law, evinces that it has not proceeded without some opposition, to which I advert with sorrow and regret.

"The bill, however, has passed the House of Lords, and has been read a second time in the Commons, and will, I

trusts have long been reproached by foreigners, and by native critics, on account of our deficiency in great architectural works. An explanation of the cause would extend the present paper beyond its due limits; but we may fairly infer, that the foundation of the Museum now alluded to, and the effect which its contents are calculated to produce on the growing talents of the country, will be likely, not only to call forth the latent germs of genius, but afford them that excitement and nurture which lead to excellence.

In accordance with these remarks, and illustrative of the subject, we close this paper by referring to "The Union of Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting," a volume by Mr. Britton, published in 1829; which work contains a particular account of Sir John Soane's collection, with several engravings, displaying the style and original peculiarities of his house in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

KING'S THEATRE: MR. ADAMS' LECTURE.

ON Wednesday and Friday evenings last we had again the pleasure of attending these instructive astronomical lectures; and if we were merely to state that each visit makes us anxious for a repetition of Mr. Adams' excellent illustrations we should say much; but our notice must not be so brief. The lecturer commenced by illustrating in a most able manner the doctrines respecting the earth's shape and motions; his remarks upon gravitation, and the earth's diurnal rotation, concluding with Milton's expressive language, which was delivered in a manner that drew forth reiterated applause. The second part of the lecture embraced the phenomena of the moon, which were most happily illustrated. The ingenious machinery used in the tides, which, we believe, was invented by Mr. Arnold, deserves the highest praise. The concluding part was the general solar system. The orrery, which was truly magnificent, independent of its original splendour, Mr. Adams has now succeeded in giving separate motions to each of the asteroids, thereby rendering this scene more correct and splendid than has ever before been exhibited. His plate of the solar system is admirably calculated to impress on all minds the relative situations and magnitude of its luminous parts.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

SOIREES AT KENSINGTON PALACE.

THE second conversazione of H. R. H. the President of the Royal Society took place last Saturday, and a company of great distinction assembled on the occasion; though, from being distributed through the numerous suite of apartments, we can only mention a few names: Prince Talleyrand, the Duke of Somerset, the Lord Chancellor, the Bishops of London and Bath and Wells, Earl Fitzwilliam, the Earl of Munster, Lord Milton, Sir Gore Ouseley, Sir M. Shee, Mr. Chantrey, Mr. Wilkie, Sir John Soane, Mr. Lambert, the Lord Mayor, Sir J. Herschel, Sir H. Ellis, Sir F. Madden, Sir T. Phillips, Colonel Leake, Mr. Hamilton, and a number of individuals who rank high in

hope, before Easter, have received the royal assent. I will add, that the hour which records this assent will be among the happiest of my life.

"When this is accomplished, that collection, which is now my absolute property, I shall hold only as a trustee for the country; and when I can no longer give my personal care to its protection and enlargement, that duty will devolve on others, who will exercise this trust under such regulations as will insure the perpetuation of those national advantages, to the promotion of which I have dedicated a large portion of an active and an anxious life."

our schools of science, literature, and arts. The evening, as before in these pleasing "reunions," was marked by that unembarrassed intercourse, so rare in English society, and so delightful where it can be enjoyed; and no where more delightful than in this country, whose intellect is as ready as it is solid, and whose talent is as sportive as it is sterling, when called into play without effort and without ambition. H. R. H. always provides some extra objects, new and curious inventions, &c., to vary the tone of these entertainments; and to-night we observed some interesting experiments (Faraday's) on electro-magnetism; an improved ship-rudder; specimens of wood in various states of decomposition, and as preserved from dry rot by the process described in our *Gazettes*, Nos. 841 and 843; and some interesting examples of warlike weapons exhibited by Mr. Wilkinson, the very ingenious gunmaker of Pall Mall. Malay bows, creases, curious guns to discharge multiplied destruction, and models of the most ancient engines of battery, rendered this display one of uncommon interest.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

DR. MATON in the chair.—A report on Mr. Faraday's communication respecting the identity of the electricities, by Messrs. Christie and Pepps, was read. In all the main points the report of these gentlemen confirms Mr. Faraday's views. A curious paper was also read, on the occurrence of the larva of insects under inflammatory tumours in the human subject. Cases are narrated, on the authority of Mr. Gill, lecturer on anatomy in Liverpool, and Mr. Treaherne, as occurring at Colombia and Surinam. The larva is unquestionably of the genus *astutus*; and the author suggests a mode for its development, by depositing it in a gauze-covered vessel filled with earth moderately warm and damp. A paper detailing further experimental researches in magneto-electricity, by Dr. Ritchie, was likewise read.

FINE ARTS.

SUFFOLK STREET EXHIBITION.

THIS gallery, with the works of living British artists, in painting, sculpture, drawing, and engraving, will open to the public on Monday. From the brief view which we have had of its contents, we have great satisfaction in saying that they will be found, in variety and interest, at least equal to those of any former exhibition at the same place. There are several novelties in name; accompanied by talent which would do credit to the best masters in the departments of art to which they belong. For instance, "Landscape and Cattle," by a Mr. Cooper, is in many respects not inferior to Paul Potter; and a "View from Clifton Downs," by a Mr. Pyne (no relation, we believe, to our pleasant and highly-gifted "Wine-and-Walnuts" friend), is also admirable. Most of those likewise, whose performances are familiar to the public, have advanced their just claims to distinction. Among the works which particularly struck us, were, "Cardinal Wolsey entering Leicester Abbey, on his journey to London," by Hart; subjects of history, imagination, and familiar life, by H. Wyatt, Knight, Inskip, Parker, Farrier, Passmore, Clater, Kidd, Poole, Fisk, Edmonstone, Uwins, &c.; animals, by R. B. Davis and Hancock; still-life, by Lance and Derby; character and portrait, by Mrs. Carpenter, Hurlestone, Boaden, Middleton, &c.; landscape and building, by Holland, Wilson, Allen,

Hofland, Linton, Stark, Rogers, Shayer, Tennant, &c. The drawings and miniatures are also highly attractive. Among them, the performances of McClise, Martin, Rochard, and Moore, are conspicuous for taste, grace, and composition. The finishing and effect of the last-mentioned artist, as well as his wonderful execution, have seldom been equalled, certainly never surpassed. Upon the whole, we feel assured that the lovers of the fine arts, and the encouragers of native genius, will derive great pleasure from this interesting display; of which we purpose to give a more circumstantial description.

THE BRITISH GALLERY.

[Fifth Notice.]

No. 233. *Heath Scene near Norwich; Rain coming on.* J. B. Crome.—Possessing much of the quality of the Flemish school, both in character and in execution. It strikes us that the driving shower, which in part appears, should have communicated a portion of its action to the water in front. This could easily be accomplished, should the artist think well of our suggestion.

No. 181. *Boy with Fish.* Miss Emma Jones.—A well-painted picture, firm in its execution, with a powerful touch of nature. The flesh and the fish are well balanced, the accessory not being made of too much importance for the principal; an error so happily exposed by Mr. Hoppner in his criticism on the works of Madame Lebrun:

"Where broad-cloth breathes, to talk where cushions strive,
And all—but sir and madam—are alive!"

No. 178. *Italian Boys.* W. Franquinet.—We did imagine that the account had been closed with these subjects; Mr. Franquinet has, however, added one to the long series, of no less interest in its pathos, than in its skillful and masterly execution. No. 207. *Head of a Jew*, by the same artist, is too high for inspection, but evidently possesses a fine tone of colour, and breadth of effect.

No. 326. *Child's Head; a Study.* John Wood.—A beautiful example, both of nature and of art. The animated glow of health in the one, is represented in colours equally rich and vivid in the other.

No. 309. *Not Solitude.* Miss Gouldsmith.—Nor silence neither, if we may judge from the falling torrent, rumbling and tumbling among rocky fragments. It is, however, a romantic and picturesque scene, which the pencil of the fair artist has depicted with its usual powers.

No. 364. *A Sea-shore, with Figures.* T. S. Good.—Mr. Good's works, in the present exhibition, are painted with his accustomed skill; and, but for his besetting sin of tipping every object, hard or soft, opaque or transparent, with cutting lights, they would be excellent. His manner, which is all his own, reminds us of an anecdote of the late unfortunate Dayes; who was once asked by a pupil, "if it was not possible to paint a landscape without a dark foreground?" Is it not possible, Mr. Good, to paint a picture without lights like the edge of a razor?

No. 389. *A line-of-battle Ship, off Culver Cliff, Isle of Wight.* G. Chambers.—Always an object of powerful interest, and in the present instance exhibited to great advantage. The noble and gallant vessel seems indeed the monarch of the ocean, as she glides over the silvery and transparent waters, which are painted with a skill we have seldom seen surpassed.

No. 417. *The Suppliant.* H. Room.—We

have no right to imagine this to be a copy of Guido, and must therefore consider it a very successful imitation of that great artist; doing high credit to the talents of Mr. Room, and adding another feature to the variety and capability to the English school of painting.

No. 424. *The Pride of the Cottage.* R. A. Clack.—The stamp of truth and natural character is on this performance. Simple in its costume and colouring, it owes nothing to any gaud or decoration of art. Perhaps it may be a little too hard in its execution.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Engravings from the Works of the late Henry Liverseege. Part IV. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

Or the three subjects in the present part, namely, the "Recruit," "Little Red Riding-hood," and "Good Resolution,"—although all are clever, the first mentioned, which is from the picture that was exhibiting in the British Gallery at the time of poor Liverseege's death, is the most important and striking. It is full of thinking; and furnishes a strong, but, under the circumstances of the case, painful presumption of what that able young artist would have accomplished had he lived. The half-obstinate, half-repentant expression of the recruit himself; the imploring countenance and action of his afflicted sweetheart; the amusement of the military lookers-on, and the sad moral in the back-ground, are all admirable. Mr. Giller has very happily imitated the loose and easy, but not careless, handling of the original; and has in every respect contributed his part towards making it as interesting a little print of familiar life as the British portfolio can boast.

Gallery of Portraits. No. X. Knight.

We have here the learned and witty imaginer of "Utopia," the immortal author of the "Mécénique Céleste," and "the unequalled master of all masters" in musical composition. The portrait of Sir Thomas More is from an enamel after Holbein, in the possession of Thomas Clarke, Esq.; that of Laplace from a picture by Negeon, in the possession of the Marchioness de Laplace; and that of Handel from a picture in the collection of his majesty at Windsor. They are all—the first and the last especially—very prettily engraved.

The Camera: Sketches at Hastings. Drawn from Nature, and etched by Henry Melling; with Descriptions. No. I. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

THE impression made upon our minds by Mr. Melling's very spirited picture and etching of the "Retreat of a Baggage-Waggon," is not yet effaced. The publication under our notice is the first number of a work which Mr. Melling intends to continue, should it be encouraged, as we hope it will. The etchings are very characteristic, and the descriptions very lively. If comparisons were not proverbially odious, we would say that with reference both to pencil and to pen, Mr. Melling strongly reminds us of poor Ibbetson.

The Complete Angler; or, Contemplative Man's Recreation. By Isaac Walton and Charles Cotton; with original Notes and Memoirs, by Sir Harry Nicolas, K.C.M.G. Part IV. Pickering.

THIS is certainly the most beautiful edition existing of this celebrated and popular work; and is indeed as beautiful as imagination can conceive. In the present part nothing can ex-

ceed the exquisite plates of the "Grayling," the "Salmon," and the "Pike;" engraved by A. Fox, from pictures by J. Inskipp. There is also a pleasing conversation-piece, after T. Stothard, R.A.

Landscape Illustrations of the Prose and Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott. Part XIV. Chapman and Hall.

COPELEY FIELDING, Constable, and Barrett, have furnished the drawings,—the first of "the Frith of Cumberland;" the second of "Warwick, from the Kemilworth Road," the third of "Warwick Castle,"—for the fourteenth part of this pleasing publication. They are all highly picturesque, and are admirably engraved by E. Finden. The success with which he has imitated Mr. Constable's peculiar handling is very amusing.

Finden's Gallery of the Graces. With Poetical Illustrations by T. K. Hervey, Esq. Part III. Tilt.

CAMPBELL, Wordsworth, and Shakespeare, have suggested the Graces which form the present part of this charming work. Those from the pencil of Mr. Stone strike us as the most fascinating. Mr. Hervey's publication will afford an additional proof of the variety of elegance of which the female form is susceptible.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.
ABBOTSFORD.

At the time when a noble effort is making to preserve the mansion of Abbotsford, with its literary treasures, and the specimens of art and taste collected by its late illustrious possessor, that they may remain for ever in the line and name of Scott; and that generations yet unborn may have the opportunity of seeing, as they were created and formed by him, the darling abode, and sources of intellectual enjoyment, of the man who has so largely contributed to the enjoyments of his kind—we have read with great pleasure the description of a visit to Abbotsford, by an enlightened American traveller, and published in the "New York American," of November 23. From this interesting paper we are induced to copy the leading parts, feeling assured that the perusal of so vivid and touching a narrative will have the effect of promoting the patriotic and national object to which we have alluded. If the inhabitant of another hemisphere, in our own day, experienced such emotions and delight in exploring the spot rendered immortal by the genius of its owner, what must be the sensations of his own countrymen in future ages, when they may perform a pilgrimage to the sacred scene—may witness the very works of his living hand, before they drop a tear on the grave where his mortal remains have their lasting rest in Dryburgh's mouldering Abbey! Even now, with what devotedness do we pay our homage to the lowly roof under which Shakespeare is said to have been born, and look upon the haunts of his youth, unmarked as they are by aught pertaining to him. The house of a Newton, a Bacon, a Pope, an Addison, a Johnson, a Thomson, and even of many an inferior light, which has shone and gone out, is contemplated with a sense which improves and refines the beholder: their least relics are sought with avidity, and hoarded with a miser's care. What would we give to be able to see the last abode of Shakespeare, left as when his eyes closed for ever on this earthly scene? What would we give for a glance at Spencer's castle as it stood in the age of the author of the *Fairy Queen*—for a view of Dryden's home—or the home of any one of the glorious dead whose productions have adorned and enriched our literature? And shall we not secure a delight like this for posterity, by doing honour of this sort to the memory of our mighty contemporary—the poet, the novelist, the historian, the imaginative, the moral, the instructive, the virtuous, and the kind? No; though the appeal has proceeded slowly, under the influence of extraneous circumstances, it has proceeded, and is proceeding, surely; and we are convinced that the accomplishment of an object so nationally desirable, and so dear to every good feeling, will be very speedily attained.

We now turn to the Letter (written, we believe, by Dr. Macvicar, professor of political economy at New York,) which has led to these introductory remarks, adopting the words of the American editor: "We cannot doubt that all our readers will peruse with deep interest the narrative we publish to-day of a visit, by an accomplished American family of this city, to Sir Walter Scott. The taste, the

* We remember visiting this shrine some years ago, a few days after Sir Walter Scott had been at Stratford-upon-Avon; of which he left some recollection in the book kept by the poor old female in whose custody it then was.—Ed. L. G.

delicacy, and the intelligence, which pervade this narrative, impart an additional charm to incidents in themselves of great, and now melancholy, attraction."

The writer, after some preliminary matter, says: "On taking leave of Southey, at the foot of Skiddaw, after a day's ramble, he said to me, 'Have you a letter for Sir Walter Scott?' I had not. A letter to his daughter, which your mother had received from Mrs. Heber, was our only introduction. He replied, 'You shall be the bearer of one from me;' and on reaching the house, the letter was written and handed to me. It was a sealed one, but judging from the reception it brought us, was kindly, perhaps warmly written. Three days afterwards we stopped at the outer gate of Abbotsford, looking down with somewhat of awe as well as interest on its turrets, as they rose above the intervening wood. Unwilling to trespass where I thought we had so little claim, the letter was despatched by a servant in envelope, with a card, and the unwelcome answer returned, 'Sir Walter Scott is not at home.'" The strangers then drove to Chiefswood, the residence of Mrs. Lockhart, to whom their first letter was addressed, but were equally unfortunate. The letters, however, were left; and they sought the ruins of Melrose Abbey.

"On approaching them," continues the writer, "we met an open barouche returning, in which, with a glance, I recognised the great object of our search, Sir Walter and his family; but I feared to intrude by so unceremonious an introduction, and we passed, taking, as we feared, our first and last look of the Shakespeare of our age. An hour glided quickly away, amid the mouldering ruins. Among some modern monuments at their feet, we met with one erected by Sir Walter to the memory of a faithful domestic; but the ancient memorials were the fullest of poetic associations, and we only regretted our inability to comply with the poet's injunction:

If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by pale moonlight."

Hither Mr. Lockhart returned to invite the party to Abbotsford; but they could only accept it for a future day; and accordingly, on returning from Edinburgh a fortnight afterwards, they met the Author of Waverley at Chiefswood. The letter continues: "As we approached we had a glimpse of Sir Walter at the door; but when we drove up, he had retired, and Mr. and Mrs. Lockhart alone remained to welcome us. On entering the drawing-room, he was standing with his daughter, Miss Scott, leaning somewhat, as I found was his wont, upon his cane. His appearance—but I will not speak of that, for I had no time to scan it. All that I saw was the face of the 'Great Unknown,'—all that I felt was the pressure of that hand which penned the *Antiquary* and the *Lady of the Lake*,—all that I heard were the mellow accents of that northern tongue which now, with courtesy and kindness, welcomed me to Scotland.

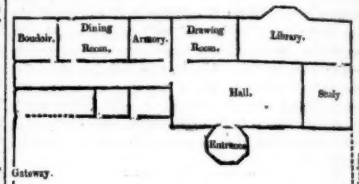
"Sir Walter's great delight is in his daughter's harp, and the ballads of the olden time, which she sings with a most winning grace. Thus passed our evening; and on parting for the night, we received and accepted an invitation to Abbotsford; so that, as you may suppose, with gay hearts we returned to our inn. Now, if you ask me the impression of this day, I must confess, in regard to Sir Walter, it partakes somewhat of disappointment. He was kind and courteous, but did not say much; and when he did speak, I missed somewhat of that precision of thought and power of language, which had so recently charmed me in

Southey and Sir James Mackintosh. But further acquaintance has enabled me to see that I was then in the heresy of ignorance. I was bringing to the measurement an inapplicable standard. It was like measuring weight by length—it was requiring in a boundless scene of natural beauty the polish and proportions of a Grecian temple. The next day being Sunday, we attended service at the kirk, occupying Sir Walter Scott's pew, which was very near the pulpit. 'How did you like the preacher?' said Sir Walter, when I again met him. 'I confess,' I replied, 'I did not hear a single sentence.' 'You must not complain,' said he; 'you have heard as much as any of his hearers for ten years past.' This voiceless preacher, as I afterwards found, was the father of the original Dominie Sampson. Had delicacy permitted it, the father would himself have made no bad 'study.'

"On approaching Abbotsford a second time, we paused not, as before, at the gate; but driving down through the rich young woods that embower it, and passing through an arched and turretted gateway, found ourselves in a noble court or quadrangle. On our left rose the mansion, in its rich and irregular architecture, bearing in some parts the choice remains of an earlier chisel which Sir Walter has rescued from the contiguous ruins, but generally the result of native genius, working under his eye, and passing rapidly, as he told me, 'from the models of art to those of nature.' In front, a rich and lofty Gothic screen separated the court from the gardens,—happily attaining what Sir Walter said he had almost despaired of doing, 'distancing without hiding them,'—while on the right runs an arcade or cloister, embanking the rising ground behind it, and forming a sheltered walk nearly around two sides of the court. On this occasion Sir Walter met us at the door, again welcomed us to Scotland and Abbotsford, and, taking your mother by the hand, led the way to the library. But of that way I must give a little description.

"The entrance is through an octagonal turret, raised but a step from the ground into a hall, occupying the central front of the building; such a hall as transports you at once into the regions of romance, and the days of baronial chivalry. Its walls and ceiling are of dark oak wainscoting. At either end, on a raised pedestal, stands forth a mailed knight, with visor down and spear in rest, like sentinels to challenge all who enter,—these are formed of complete suits of ancient armour; one of steel, inlaid with gold, the same which was borrowed by the champion of England at the coronation of George IV.; it cost Sir W. 1000 guineas. Along the walls hang 'shield and spear and partisan,' intermixed with horns of the bison and the elk, and the skins of beasts of prey, as if to mark its lord equally ready for the foray or the chase. The windows, too, throw 'a rich and storied light,' being of stained glass, bearing the armorial escutcheons of the whole clan of Scots, the Laird of Buccleuch, as I think, standing at their head. Around the circuit of the walls, near to the ceiling, run those again of the Border families, richly carved in oak, and underneath them the following legend, in the old Gothic letter:—'These be the armour coats of those who, in times of auld, stood up for the Marches of Scotland; thae were men of might and fought stoutly, and God did defend them.' From this hall you have access to the other parts of the house, and pass *en suite* through the following rooms: Miss Scott's boudoir; the breakfast and dining

room; the armoury; the withdrawing room; the library; and, lastly, Sir Walter Scott's study; which brings you again to the front of the house and end of the building, somewhat thus:



"Of these rooms the most splendid is the library; the most interesting I need not add is the study, into which last we entered not but under its master's guidance. The library, with its noble dimensions and costly furniture; its book-cases and cabinets of odoriferous cedar; its ceiling of the same, panelled and carved after the model of Melrose; its well-filled shelves; its beautiful oriel window, projecting and spreading out over the Tweed; its curtains of crimson damask with heavy gold fringe; its velvet articles of use, curiosity, and luxury,—all combine to make it a most splendid room. Of these articles many are presents. Here, for instance, stands a massive chair, once a cardinal's, the carving of which ranks it among the productions of genius,—this is from Rome. There, too, hangs an antique lamp, a relic of the majesty of Venice. Here, in a corner, stands Dean Swift's walking cane; and that splendid silver sarcophagus, on its low pedestal, is the gift of the unfortunate Byron. How many associations does even that one awaken! Within it are the bones of ancient heroes—for over their tombs were built the old walls of the Piræus—yet who can name them? The lines inscribed,

'Expende Hanibalem,' &c.

feelingly convey this lesson,—while the name of Byron, which the donor would not put, but which Scott has added, brings touchingly to mind the danger and the misery of earthly genius unsanctified by religion. The letter accompanying this gift has been purloined from its sacred resting-place. When shall such a theft dare to be shewn? Sir Walter deeply regrets its loss; for of Byron he often speaks—sometimes with high admiration—always with tender feelings. 'Poor Byron,' is his familiar appellation: which words, uttered in his deep tones, go to the very heart.

"But with all its splendour, the library yields in interest to the room beyond—his private study; for there stand his table and his chair, calling up the visions of his past labours—and there lie his pen and papers, the evidence of his present ones—and there, too, his uncorrected yet hasty manuscripts, which shew from what a rapid fountain his thoughts must have poured forth. That which lies upon the table I dare not read; but from what he says, conclude it is upon the superstitions of the Higlands. Around this room, at the height of about ten feet (for the ceiling is a high one) runs a light gallery, which gives access, by a private door, to his bedroom, so that he can at all times command privacy. In addition to cases made of wood that once formed the Heart of Mid-Lothian, filled with books of more frequent reference, the walls of his study are covered with portraits and scenes of Scottish and Border story. Among them those of Claverhouse and the unfortunate Mary seem his especial fa-

vourites. This first day we had company at dinner and until near bedtime. His style of living is with considerable state. The build-ings are very extensive, and lighted throughout by gas, prepared in one of the remotest parts. Two servants in livery, and his own gentleman in black, are in regular attendance. Of the embarrassments arising from the failure of his publishers, with whom the law adjudged him to be a partner, I here learn but little. The impression given me by Mr. Jeffrey, and others in Edinburgh, was, that those engagements, amounting originally to near 100,000*l.* were in a great measure liquidated; partly by a heavy policy on his own life of (I understood) 40,000*l.*, and partly by the sale of his subsequent works. But to proceed with my story. Monday, 26th July, shall be marked by us henceforth with a 'white stone,' as having been spent with Sir W. Scott alone. Then, indeed, for the first time, was I made fully aware of being in the presence of 'the mighty master;' for, as with other magicians, the spell increased as the circle narrowed. The truth is, Sir W. Scott is not to be judged of in general society; he never argues, never dogmatizes, and never talks learnedly; his head and heart seemed filled with better thoughts and things; an overflowing benevolence, sympathy for all breathing things; an imagination that teems with all images of natural loveliness; feelings that tremble with every touch of natural affection; a memory that so lives in the records of the romantic past, that a metaphysician might well doubt to which century its possessor in truth belonged; and a sweet simplicity and unassumingness of manner that adds the attractiveness of childhood to the words and thoughts of genius; these are the elements of his strength, and when seen in private they are overpowering in their influence; then, a book, a portrait, or a chance word, unlocks, as it were by magic, some hidden fountain; then comes forth at once the splendid train of thought and feeling and imagery, the Border story, the touching ballad, and the heart-rending incident; in the meanwhile his eye lightens up, often suffused with tears, and his voice deepens to a tone that thrills through the nerves like the deep notes of the organ. In this I can liken him to nothing but his own picture of the awakened minstrel, when

The present scene, his future lot,
His toils, his wants, were all forgot.

But in all this his true-hearted modesty never forsakes him. In all his poetic recollections, which, on such occasions, came swelling like a tide into his mind, I never once heard him repeat a line of his own; and whenever the subject of his poems was alluded to, he avoided it with a simplicity which always left me in doubt whether he understood the allusion. The old adage of 'genus irritabile,' applies not to him; a sneer is as foreign to his nature as it is to the expression of his countenance: and, as far as words and manners go, he certainly knows not what envy is. Of the race of his contemporaries, there is scarce one of whom we did not speak; and not one of whom he spoke otherwise than with respect and kindness; and what at any time was wanting in praise, was sure to be made up in kindness of manner. On his repeating one evening a song of Allan Cunningham's, beginning, 'A wet sheet and a flowing sea,' &c. which he did with great power, I expressed my surprise at its beauty, and said, 'Does Cunningham often write such?' He replied, 'My friend Allan is like a boy that shoots many arrows at a mark, some of them must hit.' Of Coleridge, Words-

worth, and Southey, he spoke often; and his all-powerful memory was ever prompt to bring forth their choicest passages. On mentioning to him Southey's desponding views of political affairs, 'Ah!' said he, little aware how much the past had blinded his own eyes, 'Southey is a retired and bookish man.' On expressing my agreeable disappointment in Jeffrey's character, whom, before personal acquaintance, I had regarded as a cold and cynical critic, he replied with warmth, 'You never did man more injustice—his heart is all tenderness; and of his own family affections you may judge by his warm exclamation, when the conversation turned to such themes,—"I bless God," said he, "that he has given me good and affectionate children."' (The writer next relates a conversation respecting Sir Walter's incognito, not now necessary to repeat.) "On asking him here the metaphysical question, whether imagination had ever furnished him with materials not traceable to experience, he replied, after a moment's pause, that his characters were always drawn from nature, and many of them individual pictures, but slightly altered. 'This likeness, on one occasion,' said he, 'betrayed my secret; the original of Old-buck was an old friend of my father's, whom I well remembered as a boy. It was too faithful a copy not to be known. Mr. —, on its publication, meeting me, said, as he clapped me on the shoulder, "Ah, Scott, you wrote that; no one could paint our old friend to the life but you or I." Upon my mentioning some other wild surmises as to their authorship, after answering them, he concluded with a smile, as if in reference to my pertinacity, "In truth, I find that I have kept the secret so long, and so well, as now to find some difficulty in proving my own."

"On Monday morning, Sir Walter rose as usual about six o'clock, awakened, as he regularly is, by his favourite dog, a large stag-hound of the ancient breed, given him, as he tells me, by Dandie Diamond himself. This dog, by the by, is his constant companion. At meals, he waits behind his master's chair, and not unfrequently puts his paw upon his shoulder, to remind him of his presence; follows him through the day in his drives and walks; dozes at his side while he writes; and completes his tour of duty by guarding him while he sleeps,—his bed being a bear-skin couch. At break of day, he again arouses his master with a gentle paw, knowing well that he has work to do, in which the whole world is interested, and not the least the canine race, of whose virtues he himself has so often sat as the model. In truth, I look upon this dog with equal respect and kindness, as 'part and parcel' of the novelist himself. Until breakfast-time, that is, for about two hours, Sir Walter writes, and about an equal time after it, which brings him to 11 o'clock; after which, he calls himself a free man, writing no more that day, unless perchance in the long evenings of winter. On leaving his study this day, he immediately proposed to your sisters a drive through his plantations, of which he is justly proud, and as far as Melrose; to which they, as you may suppose, well pleased, acceded. His morning's dress accords with his simple rural habits: a well-worn green hunting-coat, with ample flaps and pockets, a flat cloth cap, and an oft-used whistle pendant from his button-hole, agree well with the large frame and manly figure, though slight stoop, of one whom you might take to be a Scottish laird of high degree, and simple tastes,—of one who was beginning to feel the weight of years, without having lost the taste or enjoy-

ment of the more active sports of youth. In this guise I see him now setting forth in his low-wheeled open barouche, accompanied by your sisters, and followed by his deep-mouthed favourite and two others of minor breed. On visiting the scarcely perceptible ruins of the early Melrose on the heights, he expatiated, they tell me, good humouredly on the taste of the lazy monks, who could prefer the fat lands of the valley to such heart-stirring scenes; and on passing at a little distance a Scotch lassie, knee-deep in the river, fishing, he said (whether in joke or earnest), 'There stands my Die Vernon.' But I must not defraud them of the pleasure of telling of their drive, which they describe as all delightful from his attentive kindness and his unceasing flow of anecdote and ballad, in reference to every spot they visited, or individual of note of whom they chanced to speak.

"On his return I met him in the library; as he approached, he handed me from among a packet of letters just received, a small hard roll of parchment tied with cord and secured by a lump of raw wax. 'Open it,' said he; 'it will be something to tell, that a republican dared to break the seal of a writ of the king;' 'at the orders,' I would have added, 'of one whom kings delighted to honour;' but his modesty averted me, and I dared not. It was a writ for the general election, Parliament being dissolved by the king's death, and was addressed to him as high sheriff of Selkirkshire,—the style and form of it have continued unchanged, he tells me, from the time of the earliest Edward; and hence its rude accompaniments. A reformed Parliament, however, will no doubt order all that much better.

"Remembering the dash of superstition which he invariably gives to his fictions, and which always seemed to me to be *ex animo*, I took occasion to ask, after several surprising narratives given by him of individuals possessing the power of second sight, whether he had in the course of his life met with any such which could not be rationally explained. He paused some moments before he answered, 'I cannot say that I have.' Still, however, whether by natural or early association, a lingering respect for such fears, not to say belief in them, often appears in him. And how, indeed, could it be otherwise, with a mind of such preponderating imagination, of which credulity (I mean it in a poetic sense) must be one of its highest elements? That mind must believe in the reality of its own creations, or it could not give them life, and cannot therefore judge harshly the illusions of other men. Of Coleridge, he quoted with applause the answer, 'That he had seen too many ghosts to believe in them;' and then, in reference to that wayward writer, said, 'He is never ending, still beginning; could he be tied to his chair, and to a water diet, he would be the greatest genius living.'

"One evening as we sat in the library alone, on some mention of a present he had received, he opened a cabinet and brought out a store of them,—rings, seals, snuff-boxes, miniatures, &c., without number—each had its own little story. On shewing us a splendid gold snuff-box presented to him by the King, George IV., with his likeness on the lid, he said, 'A princely return for a little book which the king had requested of him.' But on one trifle he seemed to set a peculiar value: it was an antique stone ring found in the Highlands of Scotland, believed to be of Carthaginian origin, and commonly called the adder's stone, of which he said there were but three known, whose owners he then enumerated, to each of which by popular

superstition rare virtues were attributed, and more especially to drop one from the hand portended some great misfortune to its owner. To guard against such an event, to this one was attached a small silver chain, which was to be slipped over the fingers as a security. He took the precaution, I observed, in his own case; and as your sister received it from him, he said, in an apologetic way, as he put the chain on her fingers, 'Permit me,' before untwisting it from his own hand.

"Upon my introducing the subject of the printed editions of his works in America, he spoke of literary property as a literary man cannot but speak, viz. as one of its most sacred forms—and I in turn spoke I was sure the feelings of my countrymen, in saying that in proportion to our admiration of his works, was our regret at the inadequacy of our laws to secure to him his rightful returns. 'On one occasion,' said he, 'after trying in vain to prevent their bribery of some one having access to the press, in order to remind the publishers in your country that they were trespassing on others' property, I sent to my printer a sheet utterly unsuitable, as the conclusion to one of my novels just publishing—which sheet was immediately cancelled as soon as I had reason to believe the surreptitious copy was sent off. Now this,' said he, 'I call a fair trick; but seriously,' he continued, 'I think it is but just and becoming that a common language should make common copyright, as is now the case by treaty between the Prussian and Austrian dominions.'

"As we had just returned from a tour to Loch Katrine, and the abode of the M^{rs} Gregors, with Rob Roy and the Lady of the Lake in our hands, as our most faithful guide-books, this was an obvious theme; he entered upon it freely, and when his heart was warmed, it only wanted that I should have had (as Boswell says) 'a short hand or a long hand,' to have added another tale to those of Old Mortality, or with but slight addition of melody, another canto to the Lady of the Lake. Rob Roy is, after all, one of Sir Walter's choicest heroes; he prides himself in showing in his armoury the light short gun of that far-famed freebooter. On our mentioning the inn at the Trosachs; 'Then,' said he, 'you saw my friend Stewart (the host), the grandson of that Ewan of Briglands, who paid with his life for his tender heart towards poor Rob Roy; he cut the belt and let him slip; he was my authority for that fact.' But details I must reserve for our long winter evenings." The writer speaks of the great kindness he and his family received, and thus concludes: "The remembrance of it will be enduring; it has added love to veneration, so that in my future recollections of Sir Walter Scott, the virtues of the man will come to my heart before his merits as an author. On the third day of our stay at Abbotsford we took leave, Sir Walter returning to your sister, as he parted from her, a little book in which on a blank leaf, he had written these words—

To meet and part is mortals' lot;
You've seen us—pray forget us not;
Such the farewell of Walter Scott.

M."

Having occupied so large a portion of our No. with what we trust will excuse its length by its interest, we have not room to do more than mention the present progress of the Abbotsford subscription.

Within the present week, her Majesty the Queen of Spain, having previously subscribed 50*l.* to the proposed Edinburgh monument, has transmitted another donation of 30*l.* towards the perpetuation of Abbotsford as a family and public monument. This noble instance of royal regard for a foreign object, was communicated through the Spanish minister, le Chevalier de Córdoba, a gentleman himself of distinguished literary talent, which made it the more gracious and acceptable, especially as no other continental government has shown any regard for this design. Perhaps the illustrious and gratifying example

may yet be followed; for Scott's memory will be cherished by the people of Germany, France, and other continental nations, almost as much as among ourselves. At all events, we shall not forget the Queen of Spain; for it is as certain as light is light, that the Sovereign who patronises literature and literary men cannot be of a despotic and bigotted disposition, but must be liberal, enlightened, and worthy of power.

There is to be another general meeting of the subscribers, &c. next month, when the state of the fund will no doubt be made public; and such measures be adopted as will complete what may yet remain to be done for the full accomplishment of the proposed plan.

One of the most interesting books produced on the occasion, was recently transmitted by that estimable Scotsman, Sir Pultney Malcolm. It is filled from the first line to the last with the subscriptions of all ranks in the squadron under his gallant command—from the pounds of the higher officers to the shillings of the jolly mates. Such a tribute is, indeed, well worthy of being bound up with the rest among the archives of Abbotsford.

How beautifully the common love of literature amalgamates adverse political and other opposing feelings which belong to the busy world! An Abbotsford subscription-book has been opened by our consul at Algiers, and the first name upon its page is that of the Duc de Rovigo, the personal friend of Napoleon, whose life, by Sir Walter Scott, gave so much offence to his admirers! —Ed. L. G.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

ON Thursday their Majesties honoured the German opera with their presence to see the performance of *Der Freischütz*, which they seemed much to enjoy. They were some time in the house before her Majesty was recognised; but when seen, she was loudly cheered, and graciously acknowledged the loyal tribute by repeatedly bowing. The King sat incognito in the back of the box. The house was well attended, though not so crowded as might have been expected.

DRURY LANE.

A NEW admixture of dancing and singing, the latter of which is made but of second-rate importance, was furnished here on Saturday evening, under the name of *The Maid of Cashmere*. A good high-sounding title carries a degree of weight to the uninitiated, and the managers, who stood sponsors at the font for this nondescript production, have designated it a "Ballet-opera"—thereby meaning to inform us that those portions of the *dramatis personæ* who are not sufficiently versed in the English language to give utterance to their sentiments, express their feelings in *pirouettes*, whilst they are responded to by those "more happily blest" either in a little sentence of prose, as the case may be, or should the adapter think it a favourable opportunity for waving his baton, and producing a musical effect, in an air or a chorus. *The Maid of Cashmere*, borrowed from *Le Dieu et la Bayadere*, rests its pretensions to interest on the most slender and tottering grounds. Goethe's well-known poem, founded on the original Eastern legend of a God sent to wander upon earth, until he finds a beautiful girl who loves him with pure and devoted affection, is the foundation upon which the superstructure is raised. He (Mr. Wood, an incarnation of Brahma) is exposed to earthly troubles, from which he is protected by the *Maid of Cashmere*, personated by Mlle. Duvernay. As a reward for the danger to which she exposes herself, he coquets* with

* Our readers may not be displeased to have the sweet poem on this subject by L. E. L. which was printed in her first volume, *The Improvisatrice*, recalled to mind on this occasion. We quote a few passages, which, (though the *déroulement*, founded on a vague recollection of some book read in childhood, is different from the original) will, we are sure, be agreeable to all who have seen the fair Duvernay in *The Maid of Cashmere*.

"But there was one who 'mid them shone,
A planet lovely and alone—
A rose, one flower amid many,
But still the loveliest of any:

other young ladies, until having discovered, by her pouting and assuming the usual jealous air, that her heart is unalterably his, the period of his probation expires. She is consigned to the stake to be burnt for some cause unexplained, when, having assumed his god-like existence, "the great unknown" appears in the flames, at the moment she is supposed to die. They both ascend to "the good place," amid a glare of red and blue light, drums beating, trumpets sounding, and choristers joining in the triumph. The piece is made the vehicle for exhibiting the graceful movements of the enchanting Duvernay, who, as a pantomimic actress, in this drama, not attempting to much, exhibits talents approaching those of the mistress whom she imitates, Taglioni. She is pliable and elastic, and without much apparent effort achieves feats full of elegance and grace; but as yet she is unfinished in her style, and wants the union of delicacy with matured cultivation. "Kenilworth" can claim part of the music; and other detached scraps will be recognised as old acquaintances slyly pruned, from ballets that have appeared at the King's Theatre within the last few years. The concerted music, original, partakes of the general spirit which Auber infuses into his compositions—it is graceful and pretty, but devoid of stamens or brilliancy. Success can only be attributed to Duvernay. Her constant presence on the stage, and the number of her dances, in which she was ably assisted by Mlles. Augusta and Ansellin, Paul and Gilbert, occasionally drew forth applause, which the merits of the piece

Though fair her arm as the moonlight,
Others might raise an arm as white;
Though light her feet as music's fall,
Others might be as musical;
But where were such dark eyes as hers?
So tender, yet witchal so bright,
As the dark orbs had in their smile
Mingled the light of day and night.
And where was that wild grace which shed
A loveliness o'er every tread,
A beauty shining through the whole,
Something which spoke of heart and soul!

And sometimes she would leave his side,
And like a spirit round him glide:
A light shawl now wreathed round her brow,
Now waving from her hand of snow,
Now zoned around her graceful waist,
And now like fetters round her placed;
And then, flung suddenly aside,
Her many curls, instead, unbound,
Waved in frantic braids till, loosed,
Her long dark tresses swept the ground:
Then, changing from the soft slow step,
Her white feet bounded on the wind,
Like gleaming silver, and her hair,
Like a dark banner, swept behind.

By the Ganges raised, for the morning sun
To shed his earliest beams upon,
Is a funeral pile,—around it stand
Priests and the hired mourners' band.
But who is she that so wildly prays
To share the couch and light the brazier?
Mandalla's love, while scornful eye
And chilling jeers mock her agony:
An Alma girl! oh shame, deep shame,
To Brahma's race and Brahma's name!
Unmarked, unpitied, she turned aside,
For a moment her bursting tears to hide.
None thought of the Bayadere, till the fire
Blazed redly and fiercely the funeral pyre;
Then like a thought she darted by,
And sprang on the burning pile to die!

'Now thou art mine! away, away
To my own bright star, to my home of day!
A dear voice sighed, as he bore her along,
Gently as spring-breezes bear the song:
'Thy love and thy faith have won for thee
The breath of immortality.
Maid of earth, Mandalla is free to call
As the queen of his heart and hall!'

* As an addition, we may say, that the continued performance of this "Ballet-opera" as a first entertainment at one of the national theatres, is about the strongest proof we have yet had, that the patent-protected dramas are no longer either representatives of the national drama, or regular, or legitimate. It is charlatanerie altogether.

itself would never have obtained, being exactly in an inverse ratio to the exertions of the artist.

In the after-piece of *The Nervous Man*, the clever author of that piece attempted the part of *Mr. Shane*, vacant in consequence of Polhill's trick to throw Power overboard, when he thought the French dancers would fill the house for a while, and render the services of that admirable performer unnecessary. This was a work of necessity; for without an actor, Mr. Bernard's popular and exceedingly amusing farce must fall to the ground; and so to keep it alive he—sacrificed himself; for, in truth, after Power, his personation was very indifferent. But let not our remark discourage him. We cannot praise his acting, even on the plea of *non sine*: he is rising in estimation as a dramatic writer, and though painful enough, he must submit to lose one of his best chances, in the turmoil of theatrical intrigue and managerial squabbling.

COVENT GARDEN.

On Thursday a new farce, by Mr. Poole, called the *Nabob for an Hour*, (very cleverly adapted from *L'Oncle d'Amérique*, by Scribe and Mazures), was produced at this theatre, with as complete success as even an author could wish. It is indeed one of Poole's happiest hits, and likely enough to rival the popularity of his *Paul Pry*; not depending on a single individual, but on most ludicrous situations, incessant point, laughable character, and excellent acting. Bartley and Mr. and Mrs. Keeley are irresistibly droll; Miss Sidney, a sweet and pretty heroine; and Abbott, a gallant wooer. Whoever wants a hearty laugh for an hour, let them see the *Nabob* for that period.

ADELPHI.

The approaching close of this entertaining theatre, and the re-production of *Henriette*, &c. have induced us to repeat our visits twice within the present (penultimate) week; and greatly to our gratification. Mrs. Yates has seemed determined to shew, by, if possible, improved exertions, how likely she is to adorn her approaching walk at the head of genteel comedy at the Haymarket; and in her own house nightly crowds have rewarded her delightful efforts, in common with those of the popular actors with whom she is associated—Yates, Reeve, O. Smith, Buckstone, Mrs. Fitzwilliam, Miss Daly, Mrs. Honey, &c. &c. It has been deservedly a most successful season.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

On Wednesday, at this theatre, we witnessed the personation of *Zanga* by a young gentleman of the name of Phillips; and, though prepared to see an effort above what is usually expected, in tragedy especially, at a minor theatre, we confess that the performance very far exceeded our anticipation. Mr. Phillips is full of energy, chastened by judgment—he has read, or at least practised, Hamlet's advice to the players effectively; his action is full of meaning, and always graceful; his conception of the author unimpeachable;—in short, he is a very superior actor. We know not if his voice is sufficient for one of our largest theatres; if it is, we have no hesitation in expressing our opinion that he has not his equal upon the stage as an aspirant in this line; and as he is still a youth in his teens, we certainly form high hopes of his future excellence.

The Drury Lane Fund.—On Wednesday the anniversary was observed at the Free-

masons' Tavern; and the subscription amounted to above 1,100*l*. The Marquess of Clanricarde filled the chair with great ability—there was abundance of delightful song and glee—there was a good deal of oratory, some of it not of the best; and the treasurer, Mr. Harley, delivered a well-written address, evoking the sympathies of the company, and, *inter alia*, announcing that gifts had been bestowed upon suffering actors, though not subscribers to the fund. He claimed a sanction for this departure from its principle, which was cheered.

VARIETIES.

Mr. Soane.—The bill for perpetuating this eminent architect's museum, (spoken of in a previous column), well endowed by his munificent bequest, for preservation as a public resort, is on its way through the legislature, and has led to remarks from Mr. Hume and Sir R. Inglis which ought not to be lost amid the popular follies of the day. It is a noble example; but how can we expect it to be widely followed, when we treat almost with contumely, certainly with neglect and ingratitude, every liberal act of individuals for any national object? In France, perhaps, the opposite obtains, and a fuss is made about trifles. But surely it is imprudent to chill, as is done with us, the desire to be known and remembered as a national benefactor. It is most rare that government will do the slightest thing towards confirming a patriotic purpose: give the country a hundred thousand pounds' worth of *virtu* or art, and it will refuse you a shed to keep it in! There is no encouragement for enterprises of this pith and moment. Let future fame and greatness, ay and wealth, look for itself, if it cost a few paltry pounds out of the exchequer in the year. The British Museum, our only place, is parsimoniously starved: our public buildings are sold to jobbers for deceitful promises of saving; we are boastful of private merit, without public spirit to make it our own, and penny-wise in our economy, without the prescience to see that a generous expenditure, on proper occasions, would repay us tenfold, even as a commercial people, the sorry idolaters of the cabalistic letters L. S. D.

Business of its kind.—A fashionable London dress-maker professes to employ artistes (assistants) who are required to "amuse themselves with work" between the periods of refreshment—consisting of breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper.

An advertisement in *Galignani's Messenger*, from La Gran Bretagna, at Naples, states, that the proprietor has engaged "clever waiters and decent chambermaids." Query, "decent-looking?"

Lobsters.—We mentioned in our last Number that loud cannonading caused lobsters to drop their claws—the same has been observed after thunder.

A centenary commemoration of Priestley (founded on his birth-day), as the principal founder of pneumatic chemistry, is announced for a public dinner next Wednesday, for which a number of the first scientific men now living have given their names as stewards.

Bathos.—An obscure hotel at Paris has inscribed in large letters over the door, "L'Hôtel de l'Univers, et des Etats Unis."

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

A Series of Geographical Tables, designed for youth, is announced by the Rev. E. Miller, A.M.
A volume of Sermons, by the late Rev. W. Howells. Fancy Fair; to which is added Star-Light, or a Scene at Tweddale.

Poor-Laws and Paupers Illustrated. No. I. The Parish, a Tale, by Harriet Martineau; under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.

Dr. O. C. Wood announces a Translation from the German of Von Hammer's History of the Assassins. The French translation mentioned in our last is but indifferently done, and the work is of much interest.

Cyclopan, or Pelagic Remains in Greece and Italy, with Constructions of a later Epochs, from Drawings by E. Dodwell, F.S.A.

Part I. of a Collection of Doorways from Ancient Buildings in Greece and Italy, by T. L. Donaldson, architect.

A Popular History of Priestcraft in all Ages and Nations, up to the present moment.

A re-publication is announced of the Pilgrim's Progress, in weekly numbers.

Rhymes and Rhapsodies, by R. F. Williams. Memoirs of the Life and Correspondence of the Rev. W. Lovers, by I. S. Elliott.

The Life, Times, and Correspondence of Dr. Isaac Watts, by the Rev. T. Milner, A.M. author of the "History of the Seven Churches of Asia."

Poetic Vigil, containing a Monody on the Death of Dr. Adam Clarke, &c. and other Poems, by W. H. Baker.

The Narrative of Two Expeditions into the Interior of Australia, undertaken by Captain C. Sturt, by order of the Colonial Government, to ascertain the nature of the country.

An Historical Sketch of the Princes of India, Stipendiary, Tributary, Feudatory, &c.; with a Sketch of the Origin and Progress of British Power in India, by an Officer in the service of the E. I. C.

The Stolen Child, by Galt, being the Fourth Volume of the Library of Romance, edited by Leitch Ritchie.

The Tyrol, by the author of "Spain in 1808." Walsburgh, a Tale of the Sixteenth Century.

A Translation of My Ten Years' Imprisonment in Italian and Austrian Dungeons, by Silvio Pellico. By Thomas Roscoe.

A Compendious History of Modern Wines, &c. &c. Observations on the United States and Canada during 1832, by the Rev. Isaac Fidler.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Elements of Materia Medica and Therapeutics, by Anthony T. Thomson, Vol. II. 8vo. 15s. bds.—The Naturalist's Library, edited by Sir William Jardine, Vol. I. (Humming-Birds, Vol. I.) with thirty-five coloured plates, and portrait of Linnaeus, fols. 8vo. 6s. bds.—The Transactions of the Linnean Society, Vol. XVI. Part III. 2*l*.—Leitch's Discourses on Various Subjects, 8vo. 9s. 6d. cloth.—Mahon's War in Spain, with Additions, 8vo. 15s. bds.—Dr. H. F. Burder's Memoir of Rev. G. Burder, 8vo. 10s. bds.—The Lake of Killarney, by A. M. Porter, new edition, 3 vols. 12mo. 16s. 6d. bds.—The Christian's Manual, post 8vo. 8s. cloth.—The Parent's Cabinet of Amusement and Instruction, Vol. I. 8vo. 3s. 6d. hf-bd.—Captain Head's Overland Journey from India to Europe, oblong folio, 2*l*. 12s. 6d. bds.; India proofs 3*l*. 13s. 6d.—The Drawing-room Album, royal 4to. 1*l*. 6s. bds.—Rennie's Alphabet of Gardening, 18mo. 2s. 6d. bds.—History of Spain and Portugal, from the Library of Useful Knowledge, 8vo. 7s. bds.—Trueblood's Tales, with twenty Cuts, 16mo. 3s. 6d. bds.—The Dynasty of the Kajars, and History of Persia, with plates, by Sir Harford Jones Brydges, 8vo. 1*l*. 4s. bds.—Eisley's Annotations on the Gospels and Acts, seventh edition, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l*. 11s. bds.—Bishop Middleton on the Greek Article, new edition, by Rev. J. L. 8vo. 14s. bds.—Snowball's Elements of Plane Trigonometry, royal 8vo. 7s. 6d.—Stevens' History of the Scottish Church at Rotterdam, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—The Battle of Trafalgar, a Poem, 8vo. 4s. 6d. bds.—Dendy's Book of the Nursery, fols. 8vo. 5s. cloth.—Aikman's History of Religious Liberty in England, 18mo. 3s. 6d. cloth.—The Apprentice's Monitor, 18mo. 2s. 6d. bds.—Life of James Renwick, 18mo. 2s. cloth.—Murphy's Classical Atlas, 16mo. 3s. 6d. hf-bd.—Five Minutes' Advice on Diet and Regimen, fols. 8vo. gilt edges, 1s. 6d.—Constance, a Novel, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l*. 11s. 6d.—Little's Poems, fols. 8vo. 16th edition, 5s. bds.—Sketches in Greece and Turkey, with the Present Condition and Future Prospects of the Turkish Empire, 8vo. 9s. 6d. bds.—The Easter Gift, a Religious Offering, by L. E. L. 7s. silk.—Elliott's Views in the East, 2 vols. imperial 8vo. 3*l*. bds.; 4to. 10*l*. bds.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* * In order to make room for the paper on Abbotsford, we have this week (when there is little of publishing novelty) curtailed our Review of a few columns of its customary proportions; and also postponed several reports of the proceedings of scientific and learned bodies.

Mr. Cambridge's charge is a very grave one, and shall have our best consideration. We must, in the first instance, examine and inquire.

It was owing to the mingling of memoranda from various sources that we were unconsciously led to publish any allusion to the able paper which our correspondent has, at our suggestion, finished, and transferred to other hands.

Thanks to R****, but we have no room for any, the best, verifications of Horace.

Want of room obliges us to postpone a more lengthened notice of Sir John Soane's very interesting Lectures at the Royal Academy, that had been prepared, but which we hope to give in our next Number.

ADVERTISEMENT,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

CAPTAIN BACK having now sailed on his humane and gallant EXPEDITION IN SEARCH OF CAPTAIN ROSS, the Committee, under whose direction it has been organised, feel it incumbent on them to make a Report to the public of the actual present State and Prospects of the undertaking, bringing the accounts down, in detail, to the 1st of March current.

RECEIPTS.

Subscriptions paid in to London Bankers:—	£. s. d.
London.....	105 0 0
Corporation of the Trinity House.....	100 0 0
Committee at Lloyd's.....	105 0 0
Royal Society.....	119 18 0
Royal Geographical Society.....	50 0 0
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Miscellaneous Subscriptions.....	2,407 7 1
Cheltenham, net remittance.....	2 2 8
Dewonport, ditto.....	15 0 0
Dundee, ditto.....	30 0 0
Edinburgh, ditto.....	146 2 7
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Liverpool, ditto.....	109 14 0
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Newbury, ditto.....	27 18 0
Portsmouth.....	34 12 0
Total	£3,512 19 8

Subscriptions intimated, but not yet received:—	£. s. d.
His Majesty's Government.....	2,000 0 0
Broadway (Worcestershire).....	100 0 0
Dumfries.....	10 10 0
Dundee (second subscription).....	22 10 0
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Total	£3,031 13 8

EXPENDITURE.

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Instruments.....	146 3 0
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Carriage of Goods to Liverpool.....	21 18 0
Expense of Party at Liverpool.....	30 0 0
Passage of Party to New York.....	110 10 0
Total	£461 11 0

Expenses, &c. for Advertising and otherwise managing the Subscription to the 2nd January, 1853..... £47 5 0
Ditto since..... £ 5 0
Total..... **£53 10 0**

Total Expenditure to March 1, 1853..... £1,100 1 0
In addition to which expenditure Captain Back has been furnished with a letter of credit for 1,000l. on the Hudson's Bay Company's Correspondents at New York and Montreal, in order to defray his further travelling charges, and to complete his outfit as the latter place. And the following net remittances (deducting local expenses) having been received since last of March, viz.—from Glasgow, 181l. 16s. 6d.; from Greenock, 135l. 7s. 1d.; and from Bath, &c., with some further miscellaneous subscriptions in London, the sum received is by so much greater than above stated, and that due proportionally less.

The Committee therefore, in congratulating the subscribers and friends of the enterprise on such a sum having been collected as to justify the departure of the expedition: and with the promised aid of government to defray its expenses for two years. Almost 1800l. more, however, are yet wanting to complete the undertaking, as originally proposed, by enabling Captain Back to remain out, if necessary, a third season. And the Committee earnestly exhort the public to furnish this farther sum.

A detailed statement of their reasons for pressing this will be found in a more expanded Report, now printed, and on distribution (gratis) at the office of the Royal Geographical Society, No. 21, Regent Street, in which the Committee at the same time distinctly intimate that they are in no way connected with the proposed Expedition by Sea.

Subscriptions accordingly, for the Arctic Land Expedition, continue to be received at the banking-houses of Messrs. Coutts and Co., Strand; Messrs. Drummonds, and Messrs. Cox and Biddulph's, Charing Cross; Messrs. Roberts, Curtis, and Co., Lombard Street; Messrs. Hankey, Fenchurch Street; and Messrs. Spenser, Atwood, and Co., Gracechurch Street: to any of which houses remittances may also be addressed from the country. The progress of the subscription will be intimated, from time to time, in the newspapers; and when closed, a correct List of Subscribers will be prepared for distribution, to be eventually inserted in the published Account of the Expedition.

For further particulars, inquiry may be made at the office of the Royal Geographical Society, No. 21, Regent Street, St. James's, where communications may be also addressed.—By order of the Committee,

ROBERT McCULLOCH, Hon. Sec.
21, Regent Street, March 12.

NORTHERN SOCIETY for the

ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE FINE ARTS.
Exhibitors and the Public are informed that the Northern Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts will open their Gallery on or about the First of May next; and that Works of Art will be received during all April.

F. T. BILLAM, Hon. Secretary.
Gallery of the Northern Society, Leeds,
March 6th, 1853.

All Letters to be addressed—"The Directors of the Northern Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts, Leeds."

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Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East.—The Public are respectfully informed that the Exhibition for the Sale of Works of Living British Artists, will open on Monday, March 25th, 1853.

R. B. DAVIS, Secretary.

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